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English Classics for Indian Students.

BEN JONSON

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

Edited with a Critical Introduction,
Full Notes and Comments

by

TAKAKHAV, M.A., I.E.S. (Retd.)

KARNATAK PUBLISHING HOUSE
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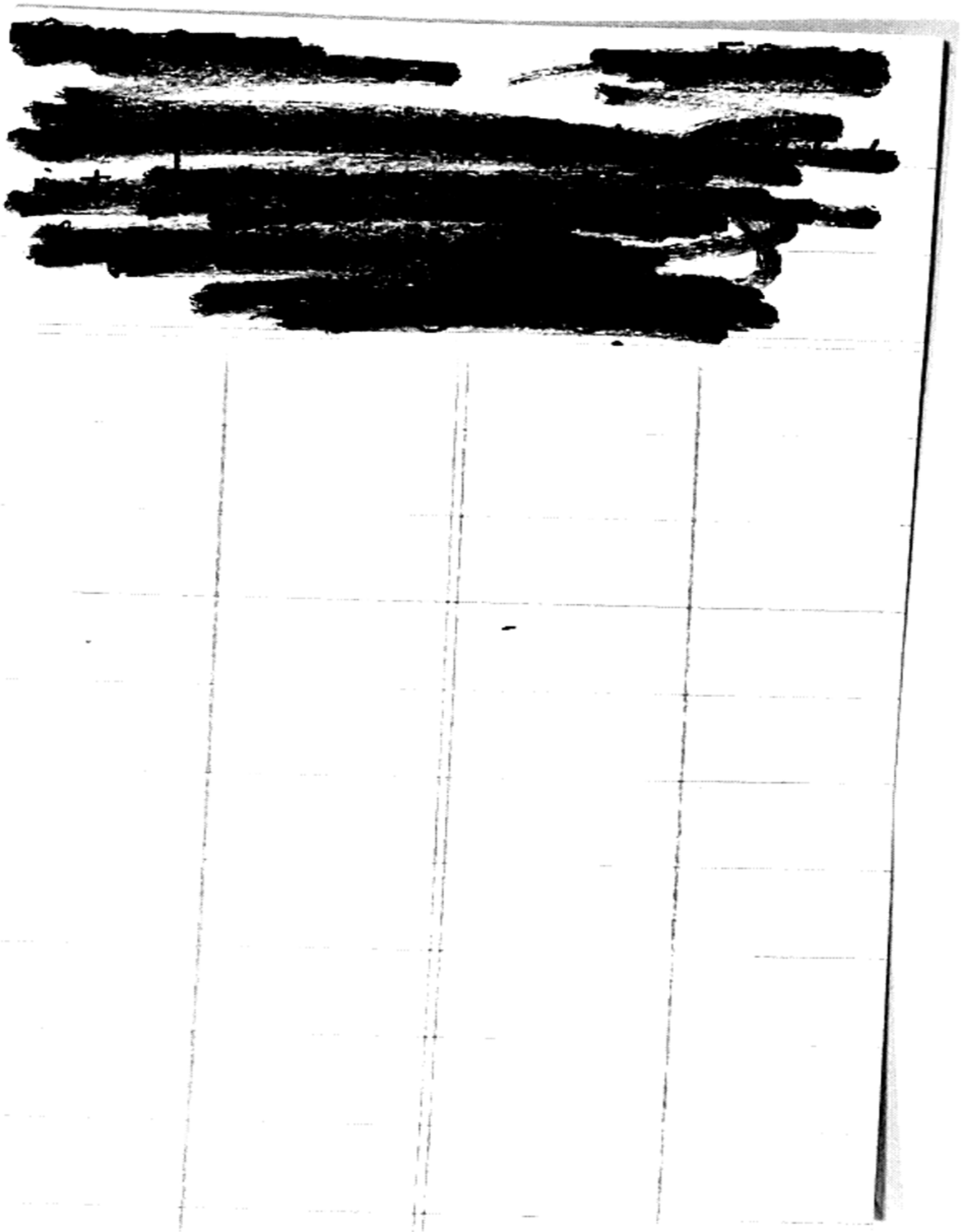

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INTRODUCTION

BEN JONSON

Ben Jonson—or more correctly Benjamin Johnson, though it has been the literary convention to *slur* the *h* from the name Johnson—was born in Westminster, in 1573. He was born about a month after the death of his father, who was a clergyman, and according to the account given by Ben Jonson himself to Drummond of Hawthornden, a gentleman of Scottish blood descended from an Annandale family. The poet's father had ruined himself by zeal for religion. All the wealth and estate which this clergyman had inherited from his father was "forefeited" to govenment in the reign of Queen Mary I and the clergyman was himself imprisoned. Of the actual cause of this imprisonment we have no knowledge, but it is natural to presume that religious opinions and practices were considered "heretical" by the reigning queen who evinced such an ardent zeal for the restoration of Catholicism in England.

Ben Jonson—to give him his colloquially abbreviated name "Ben"—was apparently the only child of this clergyman father. The forfeiture of the family estate had left the forlorn widow shivering in the cold. The poet's mother came south to London in a destitute condition and soon after the birth of her son, she seems to have consoled herself with a master bricklayer of London for her second husband. The poet's step-father seems to have lived in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross and in his childhood, the poet seems to have joined the parish school of St. Martin's. It is likely though that like his illustrious contemporary, Will. Shakespeare, the great "Ben" would not have been able to boast anything more than the "little Latin, and

less Greek" which sufficed for the great wizard of the Elizabethan stage—but for one accident. And that accident was the notice that one of the greatest of Elizabethan scholars and antiquaries took of this infant prodigy. Through the kind offices of William Camden, the antiquary and classical scholar, then second master of Westminster School and afterwards Head Master, Ben Jonson got admission to this greatest and most ancient of public schools in London. There the young poet laid the foundations of that learning which became afterwards closely associated with the free and independent expression of his genius. Ben Jonson's gratitude to Camden was expressed in the dedication of *Every Man in His Humour* to that great scholar. It is also expressed in a small poem in heroic couplets addressed to Camden, which begins with :

> "Camden ! most reverend head, to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, all that I know" etc.

Camden earned the praises both of Ben Jonson and Spenser. At Westminster School, Ben Jonson laid in the stores of classical learning upon which all his dramatic genius was to depend. Like Shakespeare, Ben Jonson too did not profit by the benefit of a university education. But by personal study he made himself one of the most scholarly of English poets, so much so that his plays sometimes seem to smell too much of the scholar's midnight oil.

It is sometimes asserted however that this most scholarly of Elizabethan dramatists went from Westminster School to Cambridge and then joined his step-father's business. This theory is supported upon the assertion of Thomas Fuller (1608-1661) in *The Worthies of England* but it conflicts with Ben Jonson's own statement made when at a later period the M.A. degree of Cambridge University was conferred upon him that he owed it "to their favour, not to this studie." Nor is the fact of going over from Westminster to Cambridge featured in the lively yarn of Ben Jonson's conversations reported to us by Drummond. It would seem that after leaving school, the bricklaying yard of his step-father claimed the energies of the would-be poet. This occupation was however so disagreeable to him, that he ran away and served as a soldier in the English army in Flanders. Mr.

C. H. Herford thinks that Edward Know'ell in *Every Man in His Humour* pursuing poetry against the will of his father is a portrait of Ben Jonson at this stage of his life in contrast with the unpoetical bricklayer father. The great struggle in the Low Countries against the tyranny and bigotry of Spain offered a welcome opening for the sword of many an English adventurer. Ben Jonson fought for pay and rations, not for passionate devetion to a cause, as the Hollanders themselves did. But we have the story of Ben Jonson's advancing in front of the English lines and challenging an enemy to single combat, and slaying and stripping him of his spoils in the old Roman manner.

About 1592 he returned to London and for some years there is a great lacuna in our knowledge of him. Apparently he got attached to the theatre and soon afterwards got married to the woman whom he afterwards described as *a shrew yet honest*. It is perhaps part of the training and experience of a comic poet to marry a shrew. Chaucer himself seems to have done it. By this lady he got in 1596 a son, who died seven years later in an epidemic of the plague. In the beginning of the reign of James I, the poet seems to have lived apart from his wife for seven years. He seems to have passed through every phase of London life, all its haunts and vices and pleasures, with an observant eye, but with a cool head and unstained heart. He does not seem to have ever succumbed to the political intrigues of the time like Marlowe or the mere animalism and debauchery of Greene, Nashe, or Dekker. The moral sanity that Ben Jonson shows in his comedy in his portraiture of London vices and brothels almost equals that of Shakespeare himself. A good picture of moral filth and virtue placed in direct contiguity and contrast will be found in *Volpone*, in *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair* and nearly in all his leading comedies.

About 1597 we find him emerging from his obscurity into the lime-light of the theatre. He seems to have been apprenticed to the theatre for some years. At first he was not very successful, either as an actor or an author. As an actor, he had the misfortune to kill another actor in a duel and narrowly escaped the gallows. As an educated man, he claimed and was allowed "benefit of clergy" and the sentence was converted to one of

imprisoment. While in confinement he was converted to the Roman Catholic religion. It was probably soon after his release from prison that he got married and with a son born in 1596, was spurred on to greater literary output for the stage. The first great play that came from his pen was *Every Man in His Humour*. In its present form, it was acted in 1598 by Shakespeare's Company, in which Shakespeare himself played a part. But in 1597,—that is just about a year before his first great play appeared on the London boards, — we find Ben Jonson's name mentioned among the band of play-actors and playwrights that gathered round Philip Henslowe, the usurious old manager of the Fortune Theatre and close fisted patron of budding dramatists. For Henslowe, Ben Jonson must have earlier done a good deal of hack-writing—turning old plays into new ones, translating, altering, enlarging, transforming—before he blazed out his own trail of comic genius. The earlier version of *Every Man in His Humour*, with Italian characters and the scene in Italy, probably belongs to 1596.

Year by year after *Every Man in His Humour* followed a new play of Ben Jonson till the reign of James I, when he was employed in the masques and entertainments at court. But regardless of prudence, Ben Jonson joined Chapman and Marston in writing the comedy of *Eastward Ho !*, which reflected so strongly on the Scottish nation, that the authors were sent to prison. Jonson, on his release, made atonement for his indiscretion, by flattering the monarch, who in return, honoured him with marks of his favour. In 1613, Jonson went to Paris, where he told Cardinal Perron, that his translation of Virgil was good for nothing. About the same time also began his quarrel with Inigo Jones, the King's Architect and Master of the Revels. Towards Inigo Jones, Jonson behaved with savage scurrility and made him the object of ridicule in his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. Jonson was now at the height of his popularity, and the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. In 1616 he obtained from the king a pension of one hundred marks, which was made one hundred pounds by King Charles I. This King also granted him a tierce of Canary wine yearly out of His Majesty's cellars. Want of economy however constantly kept him poor, although in addition to the royal bounty, he had a

pension from the city. He died in August 16, 1637 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Besides his comedies,—the best of which are *Every Man in His Humour, The Alchemist, Volpone, Epicene* or *The Silent Woman* and *Bartholomew* Fair, he wrote two Roman tragedies (*Catiline* and *Sejanus*), lyrical poems and epigrams, an "English Grammar." and *Discoveries*. All his works were printed in folio and subsequently in seven volumes, octavo, the first standard edition being that of Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The latest complete edition of his works was issued under the editorial care of Messrs. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

In 1596 Ben Jonson's first comedy, *Every Man in His Humour* was produced with Italian characters, with the scene placed at Florence. He recast it and transferred the scene to London, when it was acted, in 1598, at the Globe Theatre by the Company in which Shakespeare was a partner. Shakespeare himself is believed to have acted a part in the play when it was presented by his company. This was a true comedy, according to the rules as laid down by Horace in his Epistle *De Arte Poetica* ("On the Art of Poetry"). It had a carefully constructed plot, and its action was restricted to the limits of a single day. According to Ben Jonson's theory, the comic fun was made to arise from the extravagance of the different characters giving full vent to their peculiar "humour" or idiosyncrasy—the jealous husband Kitely giving a full rein to his jealousy and kindling the sparks of the same passion of jealousy in his wife, the over-vigilant father making a fool of himself in unnecessary worry about his son's morals, the country gull (Stephen) and the town gull (Matthew) making fools of themselves by their clumsy endeavour to set up as wits and gentlemen, and the boastful soldier—Captain Bobadill —bodily lifted from Plautus's *Miles Glorious* (or "The Boastful Soldier") making an empty parade of bravery and "high life" before these foolish gulls, whom in the end Ben Jonson's satire exposes for what they are and turns into butts of ridicule. Ben Jonson's "humours" are the eccentricities and affectations of social types. Every grade of society yields its quota of "humours" or "affectations" of social types. There are the men who are

gentlemen by birth such as Know'ell and his son, Clement and Kitely, Downright and Well-bread, there are the clownish men of property like Matthew and Stephen, and there are the pure adventurers like Brainworm and Bobadill. The real fun of the comedy arises from the use of the principle of "Mistaken Identity." This was popular on the Elizabethan stage and this was the very essence of the Spanish comedy of the day. The plot hangs on the many "plots" and disguises of Brainworm. Remove Brainworm and there is no comedy left. These disguises of Brainworm, however amusing to Elizabethan audiences, seem too thin to please the palates of modern theatre-goers. But Elizabethan audiences were thrilled because each character however extravagant appeared as a replica from life and the sort of impostures practised by Brainworm were just natural occurrences in a less sophisticated society.

The fun of the play is derived however both from the plot—which means the disguises and intrigues of Brainworm—and from the characters or social types. The gentlemen of the play—Kitely, Know'ell and his son, Clement, Well-bred and Downright—are men of education, but they let themselves "go" under the impulse of some craze or eccentricity of their own, and in each case these "humours" are well contrasted and bring the possessors into ridiculous situations. They are all Renaissance men and their talk is saturated—as we fancy Ben Jonson's must have been—with allusions to the classics and the pagan mythology. At the outset we are presented with the young hero of the play Edward Know'ell as a votary of the muses and his cautious father,—who in his own day had been smitten with the love of poesie—is very anxious about his son lest this lure of poetry should betray his young son into a life of inaction. Clement, the Justice, who, as this name shows is a man of tolerance and a generous merciful and benevolent nature, is himself a good judge of poetry and rebukes the elderly Know'ell for his vain fears concerning his son's infatuation for poetry, though he makes a bonfire of Matthew's artificial verses, with their false passion and parodies. Edward Know'ell passion for poetry and his father's opposition to it are supposed by Mr. C. H. Herford (as noticed above) to be a reflection of Ben Jonson's own earlier devotion to poetry which seems to have been disliked by his brick-layer step-papa!

The happy end of the play depends on the good-hearted Clement, with his boisterous fun and tolerance, with his bubbling animal spirits and his threats of punishment turning into pardon and good fellowship. Justices like Clement were not uncommon in Jonson's days : they are impossible in ours. Clement appreciates the tricks and stratagems of Brainworm and though he at first drives him into quakes, he is the readiest to pardon and reconcile him to his master, who is punished soundly enough in being proved to have been unnecessarily suspicious about his son's imaginary love intrigues.

But the fun of the play lies chiefly in Bobadill. Captain Bobadill has usually been placed in comparison with Shakespeare's Falstaff. The two are the grandest instances in the whole realm of English Comedy of the braggart soldier. But the truth is that Ben Jonson's Bobadill has a nearer kinsmanship with Plautus's braggart soldier in *Miles Gloriosus* than with Shakespeare's Falstaff. The braggart soldier was a stock character, it seems, in the New Comedy of Athens in Diphilus, Menander and others and from them he passed on into the comic world of Plautus. Not only in the case of Bobadill but in many of his characters in *Every Man in His Humour*, Ben Jonson's indebtedness to Plautus and Terence—the two stars of first magnitude in the Roman Theatre—are quite manifest. It is not only as regards the boastful soldier that Ben Jonson has taken from the inspiration of Latin Comedy. There are several other connections between the present play of Ben Jonson and those of Plautus and Terence. The intriguing servant is a common feature of Latin Comedy. Brainworm is the intriguing servant and in Ben Jonson's play he presides over each event. However Brainworm is made to pass through a series of impersonations which we rarely find in Plautus and Terence. But after all such a servant engaged in promoting the love affairs and other concerns of the young heir against his father's wishes is an idea derived from the Latin comedians. Again the father suspicious about the love affairs of his son—in the present play old Know'ell—is a stock character in Roman Comedy. The best parallel is found in Terence's *Heautontimorumenos* or *The Self-Tormenter*.

Though old Know'ell and Captain Bobadill are modelled upon Latin comedy, there is a good deal of originality in Ben Jonson's

creations. Old Know'ell is not from the start suspicious about any love intrigue of his son though the play starts with putting him on a false trail about a love intrigue of his son. Know'ell's first soliloquy acquaints us with his primary fear which is not about love intrigues, but about his son's thankless pursuit of poesie, which the old man fears will bring him to grief. This is quite an innovation in Ben Jonson. No jealous father in Plautus or Terence has any fears about his son taking to the delusive lure of poetry.

Ben Jonson's young heir in this play is therefore quite an original character in this sense and to that extent the old man—Know'ell—is an original old papa! Again though Captain Bobadill touches upon Plautus's "boastful solder" at many angles, in Ben Jonson's hand he becomes an original character.... He has got to be. Bobdill pretends to judge of love poetry and to train young men into the ways of love and the code of duelling. This is something different from the accomplishments of Plautus's Braggart Soldier. Bobadill has picked up his airs and fashions from Spain, Plautus's Braggart appears more outlandish. Moreover, Ben Jonson has made his characters though-going Londoners, while the puppets of Plautus and Terence though they strut and fret on a Roman stage are Greek men and women, dressed in Greek costume. In Ben Jonson, it is always the London air his characters breathe.

But both in Plautus and Ben Jonson, where the "Braggart Soldier" comes in he dominates the situation. He is the lord of comic humour—but rather of *Humour* in the Jonsonian sense—of "humour" as an eccentricity, affectation and social extravagance. This is *not* to say that in the other characters there is no "humour." Humour, of the Jonsonian brand, there is in all the characters of the play, in every man and woman of the play—in Tib, and Bridget and Dame Kitely—in Cob, Kitely and old Know'ell. "The blend of eccentricity we find in them all. That is Jonsonian "Humour."

The difference between Ben Jonson's Bobadill and Shakespeare's Falstaff illustrates the difference between the two authors—it illustrates the difference between these two Elizabethan dramatists,' two types of comedy. "Bobadill is," says C.H.Hereford *(Ben Jonson—in the Mermaid Series)*, "like most of Jonson's

'humours', without humor in the modern sense ; Falstaff is the soul of humour. Bobadill has not a trace of Falstaff's genial delight in the detection of his romances ; he (i.e. Bobadill) lies without zest, and invents from mere phlegm. His manner of life enforces his natural temperament. He is no glorious reveller familiar with the jests which lie at the bottom of the twentieth cup of sack but a spare and thin-blooded ascetic (albeit perforce), who closes the orifice of his stomach with a bunch of radishes and 'a cup of small beer, sweet hostess.' He falls naturally into the fashionable melancholy of the day. He is a fop and a pedant, a past master of all the fashions of warfare and of phrase ; but he displays his accomplishments with an air of resigned condescension, as of one well aware that his audience is incapable of appreciating him, and that their admiration is likely to be unintelligent. He is to the conventional military braggadocio of the stage what the solemn prig is to the vivacious mountebank."

All the same it must be said that Bobadill is the most highly developed character in the play and in the satire of his folly and boastfulness lies Ben Jonson's greatest comic vigour, so far as this play is concerned. When we contemplate Falstaff we are scarcely conscious satire. Falstaff appears such a dear friend of ours—and of Shakespeare, but in the case of Bobdill, we are always conscious, that Ben Jonson is not laughing at him, but pointing to him with scorn and contempt, pouring out his vials of indignation. We laugh at Falstaff, we laugh with Falstaff and Falstaff laughs at himself. Falstaff knows he is the cause why laughter is in other men. Bobadill knows it not : he knows and he fears that if he is cornered his friends and victims will have no mercy on him. Ben Jonson's attitude towards Bobadill is that of satirical scorn and indignation. Falstaff is always prepared to emerge from any corner in which he finds himself placed, with a more cordial and genial good humour than before. The sources of his humour lie within himself—his corpulence, his good fellowship, his inventiveness, his puns and images, his variety of resourcefulness. Bobadill seems almost to be on the tenterhooks of suspense lest he should be exposed and when he is unmasked, he cuts a very sorry figure and thus he vanishes from the reader's notice.

Ben Jonson declares in the Prologue to this play that his play would not "serve the ill customs of the age" and "make a child, now swaddled to proceed man and then shoot up in one beard and weed full three score years," and that he is not going to enact on the stage the Wars of York and Lancaster etc.

In making this declaration, he publishes his disapproval of many plays of his contemporaries including Shakespeare—the Wars of York and Lancaster probably have reference to Shakespeare's three parts of Henry VI and to his Richard III—chiefly on the ground of not observing the so-called Classical Unities—often called the Three Unities of *Time, Place* and *Action.* At the same time Ben Jonson proudly publishes his manifesto that in his own plays he is going to observe the "Unities" of classical dramas, as if a tame imitation of classical usage and precedent would *ipso facto* make for dramatic success. Apart from this however, it is clear that Ben Jonson believed but a departure from the rule of the Unities conspired to make the action of the play improbable and as an extreme case he urged the instance of a child shown in swadding clothes in Act I of a play being presented as an old man of sixty or seventy in Act V. Very much however depends on the imagination of an audience and the Elizabethan audiences were imaginative enough without much help of accessories to pass from one change of place to another and from infancy to the old age of a character. In modern times, Arnold Bennett and Knoblock have in their *Milestones* successfully presented a young girl heroine of Act I as an old woman of sixty in Act III. In the various parts of this famous Prologue, Ben Jonson seems to have directly in his mind many of the plays of Shakespeare. Steevens believed this Prologue was entirely "a malicious sneer at Shakespeare." The allusion to the child in swadding clothes in ll. 7-9 of the Prologue is believed to refer to *Winter's Tale.* That play of Shakespeare was not yet written when *Every Man in His Humour* was first acted in its revised form in 1598. *Winter's Tale* was actually one of the plays of the last period of Shakespeare's career as a dramatist. It is possible, of course to conjecture that this Prologue was written only in 1616 and for the first time prefixed to the edition of 1616. But that is only conjecture Gifford believed that Ben Jonson's criticism in this Prologue applied not only to Shakespeare, but nearly to

all the contemporary dramatists of the time and he deprecated the insinuation of Steevens that Ben Jonson's object was to malign Shakespeare in particular. It is however not impossible to assume that the edition of 1598 came out with one Prologue and that the edition of 1616 displaced it with another. But the Prologue we have now before us in point of fact the only Prologue that is known to this first play of Ben Jonson.

The ideas expressed in this Prologue are in the main taken from Aristotle's *Poetics*, but more especially from Horace's *Epistle On the Art of Poetry*. It will also appear that Ben Jonson both believed in the doctrine that he preached and likewise practised what he preached. As Mr. Simpson remarks in edition of this play of Ben Jonson, the unity of time is closely followed in *Every Man in His Humour*. As Mr. Simpson puts it : " the clock ticks audibly in every act" of the play. The play begins with morning and the break-fast time and ends with night and the time of supper. It is further necessary to remark that the criticism here made by Ben Jonson had been previously made as early as 1579 by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie (or Defence of Poesie)* and Ben Jonson may have adopted the views of this pioneer of Elizabethan literature with approval. Supposing however that in this Prologue Ben Jonson is directly glancing at Shakespeare, it would be interesting to locate the charages to the different plays concerned, though belief in this theory practically necessitates the view that this Prologue was first written for the 1616 edition of the play. Even with this view however, the stricture of Ben Jonson may as well apply to other contemporary dramatists like Lyly, Greene, Marlowe and Dekker.

We will attempt briefly to indicate the different plays of Shakespeare which Ben Jonson *is believed by many critics* to hit at in the Prologue to this play.

(1) Lines 7-9 : "To make a child now swaddled, to proceed man etc." is supposed to allude to the action of Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* where the heroine of the latter part of the play is a baby in swaddling clothes in the first three Acts but is introduced as a blooming virgin of sixteen in Acts IV and V.

(2) The expression "foot and half-foot words" in l. 10 of

the Prologue is believed to allude to the hyphenated epithets in Shakespeare's Richard III. As regards this insinuation, it must be said that one of Ben Jonson's models, the Latin comedian Plautus does give us many a foot and half-foot word in his *Miles Glorious* ("The Braggart Soldier"), which play was certainly before the eyes and mind of Ben Jonson at the time he wrote his *Every Man in His Humour.* The very presence of Captain Bobadill in Ben Jonson's play is proof conclusive of this statement.

(3) The expression "Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars" in l. 13 of the Prologue is taken to allude to Shakespeare's three plays on the subject of *Henry VI.* But we know that there weres more plays on the subject, such as *The Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster* which Shakespeare himself is supposed only to have touched up. There were at least two other plays on the subject, the authorship of which is indefinite.

(4' The expression "Chorus wafts you etc." in l. 15 of Ben Jonson's Prologue is supposed to be an allusion to Shakespeare's *Henry V,* where no doubt this device is used to transfer the scene of action from England to France. The first Act of *Henry V,* has the scene in England but later on the scene is transferred to France and King Henry V is presennted before the walls of the city of Harfleur commencing the siege of that town and Chorus is brought in to announce to the audience the lapse of time and change of scene.

(5) The expression "creaking throne" in l. 16 of the Prologue is interpreted as having reference to Shakespeare's *Cymbeline,* where Jupiter descends on an eagle.

(6) The expression "tempestuous drum" in l. 19 is taken to refer to Shakespeare's *The Tempest,* while Davies adds that there is a reference to the Storm Scene in *King Lear.*

If most of these references to Shakespeare are really references to Shakespeare, we must presume that this Prologue could not have existed in the earlier edition of Ben Jonson's play, as most of the plays of Shakespeare which are supposed to have been then refered to were composed long after 1598—except of course the trilogy of *Henry VI* and *Henry V.*

. . *Bobadill* gets his name from the Spanish, for in Spain *Bobadilla* is reported to have then been a commmon name. The nove-

list Charles Dickens started a company of amateur actors and they selected *Every Man in His Humour* for their representation because of the singleness and individuality of the humours therein portrayed. It was presented in September 1845 at Miss Kelley's Theatre in Dean Street, Soho and afterwards at St. James's Theatre. On both occasions Charles Dickens himself played the part of Bobadill and did full justice to it. At the first public performance of the play at the Globe Theatre in 1598, Henry Condell of Shakespeare's Company played the part of Bobadill.

According to Collier (*Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*) the following actors played the different roles in Ben Jonson's present comedy when first presented :—

KNOW'ELL—Will. Shakespeare.
KITELY—Burbage.
BRAIN-WORM—Philips.
DOWNRIGHT—Heminge.
BOBADILL—Condell.
CLEMENT—Thomas Pope.
STEPHEN—Will. Kemape.
MATTHEW—Will. Slye.
DAME KITELY—Beeston.
TIB—John Duke.

No indication is given by Collier as to who played the parts of Edward Know'ell, Well-bred, Cob, and Bridget, Kitely. Women's parts were of course enacted by boys.

The following list shows what Italian characters in the original edition of the play, with its scene at Florence—the original quarto edition—were transferred into what English characters in the folio edition, its scene in London. Practically all the names in the original Quarto edition are Italian, Know'ell was Lorenzo di Pazzi (senior) in the earlier edition. Edward Know'ell was Lorenzo junior.

Brain-worm was Musco.
Downright was Giuliano.
Well-bred was Prospero.
Justice Clement was Dr. Clement.
Formal was Peto.
Kitely was Thorello.

Master Matthew was Matheo.
Master Stephen was Stephano.
Cash was Piso.
Cob was Cob (unchanged !)
Bobadill was Bobadilla (Rather a Spanish name.)
Dame Kitely was Bianca.
Bridget was Hesperia.
Tib was Tib (unchanged !)

Justice Clement, the "merry magistrate" was probably a fancy character and can scarcely be regarded as a type or representive of the London magistrates of the time. He is very little altered from Dr. Clement in the original Quarto. Clement *hears cases in his own house,* which was in Coleman Street, and not at the Guildhall where magisterial work was really transacted in Ben Jonson's time.

While the actions of the play follow in rapid succession, one feels that after all everything hangs on the adventures and impersonations of Brainworm. The cause of the infelicity of Kitely's life is to be found in the fact that husband and wife are not well-matched--or to put it in learned words—there is a perfect inequality of character and temper between husband and wife—so also between Kitely and his sister Bridget. The two ladies stand up for their individual rights of liberty and freedom of action, though in the case of the husband and wife, the jealousy of the one exciets the sparks of jealously in the other. One does not feel, that Justice Clement's tolerance will ever be fully absorbed by this old married couple. The probability is the same old skirmishes will still continue to estrange husband from wife and wife from husband. Constitutional jealousy is not so easy to root out. The Kitelies will often have to prefer their mutual complaints before the magistrate of Coleman Street and that magistrate to be sure will have many future occasions to scold them into peace and force their distempered minds into a temporary harmony.

We may well hope that the elder Know'ell will know well in future to give a long rope to his precious son and not try to poke his nose into his supposed "amours", nor resent his devotion to the Muses. Edward Know'ell's newly found treasure of a Bridget may serve to cure the suspicions of the father and may

perhaps contribute to moderate the youngman's courtship of the Muses. Edward Know'ell and Bridget, to be sure, are well-matched. Bridget can distinguish between the dross of Matthew's verse and the golden ore of Edward Know'ell's, of which unfortunately—perhaps wisely—no specimen has been furnished to us. But the great question in this play—perhaps the question of all questions to be asked about this Jonsonian play about huforists—is just this. Is not this marriage of Bridget and Edward Know'ell too much of a twenty-four hours'—rather twelve hours'—wonder? Is it not very much like Cæsar's "I came, I saw, I conquered?" Their marriage is the result of a new passion that has taken root, blossomed, and borne fruit within the restricted limits of less than twelve hours. It is not as *if either* Bridget *or* Edward—much less *both* Bridget *and* Edward—were previously in love. The beginning of the play shows us that the father of the young hero is afraid not about any love affairs of his son and heir but only about his stupid and thankless craze for poetry. Nor does the beginning of the play show that either Bridget has seen much of Edward or Edward of Bridget. Of course, Master Well-bred is there to smoothen and hasten the affairs of their newly-hatched love. Matthew, with his bad verses does serve as a foil to enhance the attractions of Edward and prepossess him in the lady's favour. That would explain how the lady accepts, but what cause is there for the youngman to be so headlong in his love and make a sort of Gretna Green affair of it?

The answer is that the play had to end with the marriage. At the same time Ben Jonson's doctrinaire philosophy of the drama necessitates that the events of the comedy should fall within the circumscribed compass of one day. Putting these two necessities together, Ben Jonson could not help but make the two lovers marry in hot haste and give many hints by way of assurance—especially through Clement's concluding speech—that there would be no occasion for them to repent at leisure. There is great ardour and enthusiasm between both parties of the married pair, a predisposition in both for poetry and art, both have a little fortune of their own. For Bridget once reminds her brother Kitely about the dowry left for her by her father. Yet for all that it does not square with our usual experience in life to see this young couple falling in love and marrying all in one moment

almost. "They no sooner saw, than they loved : they no sooner loved than they looked,. .they no sooner looked than they sighed" —and so on ! That we believed is the philosophy of Touchstone in Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* Bridget and young Know'ell knew very well about it all and they knew too that necessity has no law and hope a stolen marriage will be all the sweeter. But this twenty-four or rather twelve-hours' love-match is altogether so improbable. It is one of those which more often will take place in comedy than in life. Nay we may go further and say : that such a marriage union is more to be looked for in comedy than in the novel, and probably more to be looked for in a classical comedy of manners with the artificial restriction of events to twenty-four hours than even in a romantic comedy like that of Shakespeare." A comedy, like that of Ben Jonson, furnishes a very narrow field for the development of the love-passion. The progress of the passion can barely be indicated with a passing hint here or a passing hint there. That is what happens in most of Ben Jonson's comedies, though as a matter of fact, Ben Jonson is no success at all at the portrayal of the passion of love. The master hand is that of Shakespeare—The others—Beaumont and Fletcher, of Webster, Dekker, Massinger—follow him, if not very close, at least closer than Ben Jonson. But then these men specialised in the Romantic Comedy. They had ample room and verge enough for the development of the love passion. Not so Ben Jonson, with his self-denying ordinance of a twenty-four hours' action comedy of the Plautian and Terentian brand. We go to Ben Jonson's comedies for their wit and satire and their pitiless exposure of fraud, humbug or weakness. There is little of love-turtling in Ben Jonson, which he would manage as clumsily as a bricklayer's step-son could be expected to do.

But in all this we see the limitations of the classcal *Comedy of Manners*, with its limited bill of fare and its haste to have done with it all in less than twenty-four hours.

THE TERM HUMOUR

In Ben Jonson's day, the word *Humour* had a more extended meaning than now. The ancient Greek physicians believed that in the human body there flowed four "humours" or "juices" which constituted the physical make-up of a man and which also

exercised a powerful influence upon his mind. In course of time, the *mind* as well as the *body* was credited with its own particular "humours." A fairly balanced mixture of these "Humours" made a well-balanced, harmonious mind. But in practice the balance was generally disturbed. There might be an *excess* of one *humour* or a *deficiency* of another, and this disturbed the normal disposition of the mind and produced characters marked by certain excess or certain defects, such as a rash or foolhardy man on the one hand, and a bashful person or a coward on the other—or a very shy and timid woman on the one hand and a shrewish termagant on the other. Such differences of character have always been emphasised in art and literature and in fact, an excess or a deficiency offers an easier handle for portrayal of individual characters, just as an extraordinarily individualised physiognomy will render the possessor of it an easier model for the budding painter or sculptor to follow. Without going into the doctrine of "Humours"— though Chaucer's Physician in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* talks about it — Chaucer was able to turn out two sharpy contrasting female characters in his Prioress and the Wyfe of Bath.

This doctrine of men being led into excess or deficiency of certain traits of character is closely pursued by Ben Jonson, with the effect that his men and women sometimes seem to have been turned out on purpose to be walking illustrations of an excess or defect in character — concrete personages to illustrate and impersonate abstraction — persons who almost stand for some passion or defect,— oftentime, men and women who only give a label to certain Virtues or Vices. In this regard, as also in his Satire, Ben Jonson goes back to the spirit of the earlier Morality Play, which had preceded the regular comedy. In the Morality, the characters were abstractions,—impersonations of Virtues and Vices.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, the characters though not such abstractions, appear very much like abstractions when compared with the fuller, more human and universal characters that do emerge from the Shakespearean drama. In Ben Jonson, it does often appear that the particular character is there merely to illustrate a theory, a virtue or a vice, in spite of all his attempts to make his men and women creatures of flesh aad blood.

This doctrine about "humours" in the body is set forth by Ben Jonson in his Induction to *Every Man Out of His Humour*, e.g.:—

> "So in every human body
> The *choler, melancholy, phlegm* and *blood*,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and we are not continent,
> Receive the name of *humours*. Now thus far
> It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition :
> As when some peculiar quality,
> Doth so possess a man, *that it doth draw*
> *All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,*
> *In their confluctions, all to run one way*
> *This may truly be said to be a humour.*"

This was the original meaning of the word. The next transition was to apply the word to express any mere outward peculiarity — some oddity or eccentricity and even peculiarity in dress. Ben Jonson himself did not countenance this application of the word "Humour", as we can see from the continuation of the passage quoted above from the Induction to *Every Man Out Of His Humour* —

> "But that a rook, by wearing a pied feather,
> The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
> A yard of shoe-tie or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters should affect a humour,
> O it is more than ridiculous !"
> He complained that now-a-days
> "If an idiot,
> Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
> It is his humour."

But Ben Jonson's contemporaries cared little for this Jonsonian restriction of the word Humour and applied the word to any eccentricity of thought, fashion or behaviour.

Bacon uses the word *Humour* in its broad sense of the characters of men. Thus in his Essay *Of Cunning* Bacon writes : "It is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to

understand matters, for many are perfect in men's *humours*, that are not greatly capable of the real part of business."

The origin of the word came to be forgotten and the next transition was to apply it to *any passing mood, whim, or caprice*, rather than a permanent and predominant peculiarity of disposition. Shakespeare frequently used the word in this sense—a mere whim,—as for instance when in his tragedy of *Richard III*, he makes King Richard III exclaim after his wooing of Lady Anne, daughter-in-law of King Henry VI, in these words :—

> " Was ever woman *in this humour wooed ?*
> ,Was ever woman *in this humour won ?*"

Again when Shylock is asked in *The Merchant of Venice* why he preferred to have one pound of the merchant's flesh to three thousand ducats, he answers : " It is my *humour*."

The adjective *Humorous*, formed from the noun *Humour* was in consequence constantly used in the sense of *whimsical* or *capricious*.

The next transaction in the use of the word is that which holds good to-day. To-day, " Humour " signifies " Good humour," a mirthful humour. Hence *Humour* usually stands now-a-days for the *comic* and the *mirthful* or *jocose*, though even yet, we speak sometimes of a man being in *a bad humour*. In any case, the adjective *Humorous*, as used to-day, invariably means " mirthful ", " jocose.' This mirthfulness usually arises from *character*. When pure intellectual pleasantry is intended, as in puns or sarcasm or irony, we use the word *Wit*. However the word *Humour* has not yet ceased to be divested of its earlier meaning of *odd* or *eccentric*.

Mr. G. Gregory Smith remarks, (*Ben Jonson*, E. M. L., p. 63) that Ben Jonson's devotion to the theory of Humours blunts his interest, perhaps his powers, in the self-development of his characters ; his views on plot and arrangement deprive his work, even when at his best of its full range, and of a convincing liveliness of action ; and above all his care to keep the spaniels of imagination and emotion on the leash tells heavily against him. For in general he is unreceptive of sensations as Shakespeare is in their fulness and variety."

The idea of the Humours came from the ancient Greek theory of medicine, and it was supported by the old astrology which said that those born under the influence of Saturn were melancholy and taciturn, those under that of Mars cholerical, those under that of Jupiter jovial, that is airy and sanguine in temperament. The elements of fire, air, earth and water and the astrological influences governing them were supposed to contribute their quota towards the composition, or make-up, of the various " Humours " among men and women. Their various proportions made up the " temperament ", " complexion " (used in the original sense of the word) or " constitution " of a man or woman. Mr. G. Gregory Smith (*Ben Jonson*, E.M.L. p. 81) adds : " Variations in the relative strength of these Humours disclosed the individual differences. These differences might be great or small, in respect of one or more of the contributing humours." But then most persons were believed to have one or the other of these " Humours " dominant in them and that was determined in astrological theory by the star or planet that was dominant at the birth of the individual concerned. A man's character or his " humour " came to him from the planets that ruled his horoscope. As stated above in practice it meant either an excess or defect of certain qualities, which pathologically speaking were attributed to the composition of the subtle fluids flowing in his body and astrologically speaking to the influence of the planets.

This theory governed the ethical conceptions of the Renaissance and the drama could not escape from it, and even before Ben Jonson, the playwrights had taken up this creed. But they had been more liberal in their interpretation of the term of *Humour* and they had used it either to denote any form of whim or caprice, or any manifestation of a craze or eccentricity. Ben Jonson studiously endeavoured to bring back his readers and audiences to the original connotation of the term and he endeavoured to mark off a permanent " excess " or a " defect " in character that distinguished an individual from normally behaving individuals.

But for a comic dramatist it was easier to mark off an " excess " — something positive — than a defect. Such an *excess* was always more conspicuous than a *defect*, which would not always stand on the surface. For in mere " defect " the theatre audience would see little that is comic. When a man was placed in such circum-

stances that his natural *Humour*, or dominant passion, could have full sway, he could be said to be " in his humour," but if the external circumstances clashed with it, by reason of association with uncongenial persons, the expression of his dominant quality would be checked or would clash with his other good qualities and then he would be " out of his humour ". Both give opportunity for comedy and we thus find Ben Jonson writing first on the comic aspect of *Every Man in His Humour* and later on the comic aspect of *Every Man Out of His Humour*. In his later plays, *The Alchemist*, *Volpone* and *The Silent Woman*, Ben Jonson exploited the comic fun of greed, avarice, lechery and the unsocial quality of melancholy or moroseness. To Jonson all forms of excess are unreasonable and militate with a *decorous* character, which was the essence of the teaching of his favourite authors, Horace and Quentilian.

Though Ben Jonson claimed that comic fun should arise from the essential *Humour* — the dominant trait in the character or disposition of a person—and discouraged the " Cable hat band " and the other marks of the paraphernalia of the clown in the Shakespearean drama, there is no doubt the latter was often useful for the purpose of comedy. Extravagancies of dress, costume and gesture were discouraged by Ben Jonson but they have often proved of great value on the actual stage with the average playgoer. The modern cinema has brought us back to these extravagancies, and he would be a high-brow critic who would condemn them outright. Ben Jonson unfortunately wrote his plays for the man of taste and refinement, but the public stage is, and of right should be, for the entertainment of the average man, and in so far as this is true, it did happen that Ben Jonson got a wide reputation among the learned, but was more talked of than enjoyed. The last great poet to write in his praise without stinting was Dryden. He has influenced the critics that followed, not the poets. To the lay reader, he became a dramatist to talk about than really to enjoy.

Ben Jonson aimed at realism and one reason why he avoided the " cable hat-band " and the motley fool and the other paraphernalia of the popular comedy of his day, such as the pronounced crank and the idiot — which figures so largely in Elizabethan comedy—is this desire for realism. Such cranks and clowns

and eccentrics are rarely found in everyday life. Extravagancies of costume, provincial accent and gesture were for this reason avoided by Ben Jonson—but they have often proved of great value on the actual stage. Though he aimed at realism by avoidance of the essentially grotesque, still it must be mentioned that in some of his popular comedies like *The Silent Woman* and *Bartholomew Fair*, the grotesque element does emerge into prominence and that is the secret of the popularity of these plays. Moros in *The Silent Woman* appeals to the audience less by reason of the probability of his humour. It is rather the improbable excess of unsociableness in Morose that is the cause of the popularity of this play, and this moral eccentricity of the man is quite as striking as any clownage tricks or oddities of costume in some of the characters in the comedies of Ben Jonson's contemporaries. The Divorce Scene in *The Silent Woman* is as fantastic as any popular clownage scene in Elizabethan Drama. Surly in *Alchemist*, with his supposed Spanish jargon (*The Alchemist*, Act IV, Scene IV) serves the same purpose. The insertion of the dwarf, fool and eunuch in Act III, Scene III of *Volpone* is evidently due to a desire to tickle the mob. In the same way too Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, the Puritan preacher is as eccentric a fool as Mr. Stiggins in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. Ben Jonson could not avoid the parade of pure eccentricity in spite of all his declaration in the Prologue to *Every Man out of His Humour*. But on the whole, Ben Jonson set his face against the overdone and extravagant scenes of clownage in the Elizabethan Drama, and what we find in Ben Jonson is exaggeration of types of character.

Mr. T. S. Eliot (*The Sacred Wood—Ben Jonson*) is not prepared to accept the usual statement that Ben Jonson is always concerned with the "Humours." He thinks this is true perhaps of his two earlier plays : (1) *Every Man in His Humour* and (2) *Every Man Out of His Humour*. But Mr. T. S. Eliot thinks that *Every Man in His Humour* "is not the play in which Jonson found his genius" and he opines that it is the last of his plays to read first. Going further, Mr. Eliot maintains that Humour in Ben Jonson is not a type (i.e. an exaggerated type) as in Marston's satire, but a simplified and somewhat distorted individual with a typical mania, and proceeding further Mr. Eliot de-

clares that " in his latter work (i.e. in his later plays like *Volpone, The Alchemist, The Silent Woman,* etc.) *the Humour* definition quite fails to account for the total effect produced." There is certainly a great truth in the last remark of Mr. T. S. Eliot, but as regards his first assertion given above, all we can say is that it is very difficut to differentiate between an " exaggerated type " and a " distorted individual with a *typical* mania." A *typical mania* must after all result in a type, and being " distorted," it is difficult to say how such a " distorted individual with a *typical* mania " can be anything more or less than an " exaggerated type." For *distortion* in a work of art, though it may mean a more pronounced method of individualisation, must result in exaggerated types or types of eccentricity.

There is however great truth in Mr. T. S. Eliot's contention that Ben Jonson has suffered from his great reputation as a critic and theorist—his position as a literary dictator, as a literary politician impressing his views upon generations with the result that, as Mr. T. S. Eliot expresses it : " We are offended by the constant reminder of his scholarship. *We forget the comedy in the humours, and the serious artist in the scholar.* Jonson has suffered in public opinion, as any one must suffer who is forced to talk about his art."

BEN JONSON'S REALISM

Every Man in His Humour is one of the earliest of English comedies which attempts to secure interest in character rather than in plot and incident. In the Prologue, the author sets forth the intention of his art, which was to present in comedy,

> " Deeds and language such as men do use,
> And persons such as comedy would choose,
> When she would show an image of the times,
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

Following Aristotle and Horace, Ben Jonson conceived that Comedy afforded a poet a sphere of influence no less important than that given in Tragedy. For in Ben Jonson's words, because " they both (i.e. both Comedy and Tragedy) delight and teach, the comics are called *didaskaloi* of the Greeks, no less than the tragedies." Having to teach his age, Ben Jonson, gives us the form

and feature of the time still more clearly and vividly than even the plays of his great romantic contemporary Shakespeare. The assumption of the role of realist that Ben Jonson assumes in this play and which he thus solemnly announces in this Prologue shuts him off from a play of romance or adventure, and from a comedy which would take *crime* rather than *folly* for its ruling motive. We could not expect Ben Jonson writing a comedy like *Much Ado About Nothing* or *Measure for Measure*, which have such tragic undertones about them. It is true that Shakespeare in his *Much Ado About Nothing* shows to us vividly some features of the Elizabethan life—say for instance the Elizabethan police or night-watchmen in his portrayal of Dogberry and Verges. But even in this case, the question has to be asked : " Are Dogberry and Verges really faithful images of the custodians of the night in Elizabethan times ? " They are far more over-drawn with a view to comic effect, with an excess of malapropisms of which the ordinary blunt night-watchmen must have been quite innocent. Again in Shakespeare the particular is lost in the universal. In Chaucer's *Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*, we have a range of characters that have both a particular and a universal truth about them. Chaucer's Man of Lawe or Clerk of Oxford for instance, has both a special reality which is true as regards Chaucer's own time and there is a truth about these characters which is universal and applies to all times and places. For in every civilised country and in all epochs of its civilisation there have been lawyers and scholars who have partaken of some of those attributes. But Ben Jonson's characters are more specifically true of his own times : they are more particularly localised in his own time and country. Ben Jonson has his eye upon the Englishmen and English-women of the middle and lower classes of his own time. Nay more, they are *all Londoners*. London manners, London fashions and foibles and even London topography he has placed before us in the most convincing manner. He portrays to us the humours peculiar to his own days : he clearly shows us " an image of his time." He believed that a poet's duty is to preserve, by the healthy current of his criticism, the intellectual sanity of his nation. For doing this he must show what his age is and what is wrong with it. By laughing at the follies of his age — with a good deal of castigation too, we must add, if we

truly represent Jonson—he brings about this end. But the reader must know what he is exactly laughing at, and to know that he has the full feature of folly placed before his eyes.

Ben Jonson brings the London of his time and the customs and manners of Londoners clearly before our eyes. But the delineation of London manners in Ben Jonson claims a section by itself. It is enough at this stage to say that Ben Jonson's early experience in life had made him acquainted with all haunts of London life, its vices and dissipations, and had garnered in his tenacious memory all he had seen of London debauchery with a cool eye and unstained heart. Hence the moral sanity that characterises his portraiture of London life.

Ben Jonson was essentially a realist. The observance of the " Unities " of Time and Place appealed to his passion for realism. This realism went so far that in his *Alchemist* he introduced the very plague that was raging in London. He represents the comedy of social satire at its height. Twice he made an excursion into the realm of Tragedy—in *Catiline* and *Sejanus*—and once into the region of the Pastoral Drama—in *The Sad Shepherd*. But his proper sphere was satiric but realistic presentation of the comic side of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. In their realism, his comedies differ essentially from the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, with their dukes and counts and kings and princes and their queens and princesses and duchesses and countesses. In his scrutiny of human foibles and weaknesses he had little leisure for subtle shades of character. His men have not the complexity, nor his women the beauty of character that Shakespeare's women have. He seems more of a pessimist, though Justice Clement is a great exception. In consequence, his work lacks Shakespeare's universality. He is always a satirist with an eye for the frailties,—and not rarely the wickednesses (notwithstanding his profession " to sport with folly and not with crime ")—of the London world around him.

TOPOGRAPHICAL ALLUSIONS IN BEN JONSON'S EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

In the time of Ben Jonson, London was still surrounded by a wall, but houses had grown up outside the old wall and these limits were indicated by certain " bars," such as Temple Bar, White-

chapel Bar etc. From the original CITY proper to the residences of the king (or queen) and noblemen, down to Whitehall and Westminster, new houses had sprung up inhabited by the well-to-do classes. But the road from London proper to Westminster was of less importance comparatively than the water-way of the Thames. The river barges carried on the greater part of traffic-as we see from Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*. The roads besides were muddy, as we also see from the legend about Sir Walter Raleigh's chivalry in presenting his cloak to Queen Elizabeth to step over in crossing a muddy part of the city.

In Act IV, Scene VII of *Every Man in His Humour*, Bobadill thrown off his guard refers to certain suburban parts of London which had a notorious character, as the haunts of pimps and prostitutes, drunkards and gamblers. Bobadill says : " I have walked alone in diverse skirts of the town as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch *which were then my quarters*. Turnbull was for a long time known as the haunt of ruffians.

The house of Know'ell was at Hogsden, which is now Hoxton. To-day it is not far from the centre of the city. But in Ben Jonson's days, it was cut off from the city by Moorfields and this Moorfields locality was another haunt of doubtful characters. It will be seen that Brainworm disguised as a discharged soldier waylays old Know'ell in this locality. Know'ell's home and property lay in those days rather within the limits of the county of Middlesex than of London, but at present London has absorbed the whole of Middlesex and the greater part of two or three counties besides. It was at Hoxton, where Know'ell's house lay, that Ben Jonson fought his duel with his fellow-actor Gabriel Spenser and killed him.

Master Stephen refers to the " archers of Finsbury " and of " ducking in Islington ponds." These places now absorbed in London were in Ben Jonson's times purely rural areas. Near about Islington, there used to be haunts of rogues and vagabonds.

Young Know'ell and Master Stephen leave Hoxton, and cross Moorfields (which were then regular *fields* and *moors*) and enter the city at Moorgate. The London walls still possessed many of these gates, though not perhaps as many as in the time of Chaucer. Directly opposite to them running north and South

was Coleman Street, where lay the house of Justice Clement and in which the whole of Act V of the play has its scene.

At the end of Coleman Street was the Old Jewry, where the house of the Kitely family is located. From this place, Kitely goes to the Exchange and Bridget goes off to the Tower to get married. But no actual scene of the play is placed in these parts of London. The audience are only told about it. They are not actually taken to the Exchange and the Tower. The Exchange was of course the resort of great merchants.

Well-bred makes a pun on the connection between Hogsden (Hoxton) and the Old Jewry. But there were then no Jews living any more in the Old Jewry, nor many hogs in Hogsden. The London Jews had lived there in Plantagenet times.

The Windmill Tavern which plays an important part in this play lay between the Old Jewry and Lothbury.

Captain Bobadill is called " a Paul's man " because the locality of St. Paul's was a haunt of men of fashion — the court and the gentry — and of men like Bobadill who merely aped " high life."

Downwright says that if he swallowed Bobadill's insult he would never draw sword in the sight of Fleet Street again. Fleet Street was a show place in London, and here were shown puppets, monsters and naked Indians and strange fishes. Mermaid Tavern, so much associated with the name of Ben Jonson lay to the south of Cheapside. At Cheapside a good deal of the merchandise was done, while the Goldsmiths' Row in Cheapside was the richest of all London Streets. The first draft of *Every Man in His Humour* mentioned Mermaid Tavern, in place of which Windmill Tavern was afterwards substituted.

LONDON MANNERS IN EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

We have a picture in this play of many of the useful and some of the useless members of society. The merchant and his clerk, the judge and his clerk, the water-carrier and his wife are useful members of society. On the other side are the gulls and the gallants. The varieties of fashionable and unfashionable costume is presented to us in the behaviour of Matthew and Stephen, who pounces upon Downright's cloak with ridiculous results. Among the Elizabethan fashions of dress the stiffened ruff was the most important. Hose breeches, and cloaks were the chief gar-

ments worn. The ladies had powders and perfumes. The gentleman's dress was not complete without a rapier. Armour had fallen out of use, but rusty suits of armour still remained in households, as we see from Clement's armour in Act V. Elizabethan society, as we see from the play, kept early hours. Many members of society spent a good deal of their time in the taverns and ordinaries. The different kinds of food are brought before our eyes, especially when Bobadill gormandizes in the ordinary at the expense of Matthew. Water-carrying as a profession was very important, when most households had to get their water-supplies from the public conduit. Cob's discontent with the many fasts imposed by the church must have fallen on many sympathetic ears among the Elizabethan audiences who went to see this play. Cob's complaint will be little understood to-day. Fast-days meant fish-eating and a " massacre of the innocents "—whether fresh-water fish, or salt-water fish. The observance of these Fast Days meant the prohibition of flesh and this was promoted in order to encourage the consumption of fish, which indirectly meant the encouragement of fishery and fishermen, and this meant the encouragement of fish-boats and boat-construction and so ultimately of what was then obviously the naval reserve of England ! Fish-boats meant increase of shipping. The Fishmongers' company saw to it that butchers would not sell meat on fast days. The justices in the county districts were authorised to appoint searchers to detect persons eating flesh in contravention of the prohibition. Flesh-eating was prohibited on Wednesdays.

Fencing had come into fashion. The rapier, a small pointed sword, was used for thrusting. Gentlemen were supposed to be well-versed in the " science " of fencing. Matthew takes his lessons in fencing from Bobadill. The various terms used in fencing were of Spanish origin. The fashion — like many fashions of the time—had come to England from Spain and Italy. The rapier was a sword for *thrusting*. The broadsword,— which was a sword for cutting—had gone out of fashion. There were many champions who maintained schools to teach the gentle art of fencing. Gosson denounced this craze in his *School of Abuse*.

Perhaps the most striking phenomenon of the time was the use of tobacco. The satirist Wither denounced the use of tobacco

in a well-known satire. In *Abuses Stripped and Whipped* and in *Tobacco Battered and Pipes Shattered*, we have satirical attempts to denounce the new tobacco craze. King James I wrote a pamphlet against the use of tobacco (*Counterblast to Tobacco*) and his Indian contemporary—another great Solomon—is also believed to have denounced the use of tobacco, while indulging in excesses of opium, and many social bacchanalian nights in company with Sir Thomas Roe—the English Solomon's ambassador at the court of the Indian Solomon, the English ambassador being well-equipped with hogsheads of French and Spanish wines. Nicotine was introduced into France by Jean Nicot, whose name has since clung to the weed. Nicot was French Ambassador at Lisbon, and thus by way of France and Portugal, the fragrant weed came to England. We in India got tobacco and the potato much about the same time from the Portuguese, and not by way of England through Sir Walter Raleigh, as is sometimes falsely represented. In Ben Jonson's play, we see Tobacco is taken up as a courtier's fashion. Matthew must perforce " enjoy " it, so also Stephen—though probably the tears came into their eyes at the first time. Raleigh and Hawkins are supposed to have been the first pioneers of the gentle cult of *tobacco-smoking* in England. But the term *tobacco-drinking* was first used, and it is so used even in this play of Ben Jonson. It is used in the same sense, as in India, our masons and mechanics of to-day are said to *drink* their *bidies*, or Indian cigarettes. The term *drinking* tobacco came into use because in the beginning the custom was to cause the smoke of tobacco to pass through a bowl of water. In Ben Jonson's present play, we see from a speech of Bobadill what fantastic virtues were attributted to tobacco. It was said people could easily fast for days, with no food except the chewing of tobacco, and the use of tobacco was believed to be efficacious for healing wounds. There were of course many non-smokers. Cob is one of these. Bobadill on the other hand is the high priest of tobacco !

The wine most common in use was sack, a species of sherry, which came from Spain. It was a dry wine. In Act V, Scene III of the play, Clement and Brainworm drink to each other's health in a cup of sack in honour of brilliant disguises of Brainworm.

The Elizabethans were too much addicted to swearing. The

most frequent oaths were *mary* or *marry* (i.e. by Mary !), *'sfoot* (God's foot), *'slight* (God's light), *'slid* (God's lid), *'sblood* (God's blood). *Faith* or *'ifaith* was a common expression of swearing. We have besides such expressions as " By my hand ", or " I protest ", or " *by St. George* " or " God's name " (i.e. in the name of God). Renaissance pedantry introduced forms like " by Phoebus " or " by Hercules ", or " by Phaeton." Bobadill has his own patent oath : it is his own, but Matthew and Stephen imitate it. It is the extraordinary oath " By the foot of Pharaoh." Stephen is very much impressed with the grandeur of this high-sounding oath. People liked good mouth-filling oaths and queens and noblemen did not blush to swear.

The belief in astrology was quite a marked feature of the time, and Ben Jonson's theory of Humour, as we have shown above, was itself based on the astrological superstitions of the day. On the belief in Alchemy, Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist* was based, while the growth of Puritanism is reflected rather coarsely in his *Bartholomew Day*. The current jargon of the Puritans is laughed at by Ben Jonson both in *Bartholomew Day* and in *The Alchemist*.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF BEN JONSON'S PLAYS

After Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, which was first produced in 1596 with Italian characters and afterwards recast and acted by Shakespeare's company in 1598, three plays followed in three successive years, 1599, 1600, 1601, *viz* : *Every Man out of His Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *The Poetaster*. These plays were exuberant in wit and in them Ben Jonson satirised the affectations of the day, as he saw them in the city (which is reflected in *Every Man out of his Humour*), at Queen Elizabeth's court, (which is reflected in *Cynthia's Revels*), and in current ideas of taste in poetry especially in fashion among writers who used them still on low themes, and ran a mercenary race for hire when Jonson thought that they should rather seek " the high rapture of a happy muse borne on the wings of her immortal thought." This literary satire is particularly the theme of the last of the above trio, viz. : *The Poetaster*. In this play, Ben Jonson satirised two of his contemporaries, John Marston and Thomas Dekker under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius

Fannius respectively. These poets felt the sting of Ben Jonson's satire and lost no time in replying in a piece called the *Satiromastix*, in which Jonson himself is put on the stage. They set one of Jonson's own characters, Captain Tucca (who poses as a man of war in Jonson's *The Poetaster*) to bully him. However it would seem both Marston and Dekker felt the justice of Jonson's satire of them and in the characters in which they themselves speak in *Satiromastix*, they clearly expressed their friendship and admiration of Jonson and asked but only that Jonson himself should put away what *they* regarded as *his* fault. One of these authors thus addresses Jonson in this satirical play:—

> " We envy not to see
> Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesie
> No, here the gall lies, we that know what stuff
> Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
> On which thy learning grows, and can give life
> To thy, once dying, baseness, yet must we
> Dance antics on your paper."

And then this author makes this declaration about Jonson :—

> " This makes us angry, but not envious,
> No, were thy warped soul put in a new mould,
> I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

Soon afterwards we find Ben Jonson, Marston and Dekker collaborating on a play for which both were imprisoned, as King James felt that his own nation of Scotland was villainously handled by these three authors in their joint play of *Eastward Ho!* Almost immediately after the production of *Satiromastix*, satirising Jonson, Marston dedicated one of his own plays to Jonson.

For a while, Ben Jonson turned from his irritating comedies—or rather from his dramatic satires—to tragedy, but as in *The Poestater* he put the scene at Rome. Nay more, he took for his heroes two of the greatest heroes in Roman History, Sejanus portrayed in such a masterly style in Tacitus's *Annals* and Catiline, the dissipated revolutionary whose conspiracy was frustrated by Cicero and who is the theme of four of the greatest speeches of that master of oratory. One feels in reading these plays as if he were wading through the pages of Tacitus or

Cicero. Sejanus came out in 1603 two years after *The Poetaster*, Catiline had to wait till 1611. In the interval, Ben Jonson had produced three of his most powerful Comedies, where he again comes forth to " sport with the follies " of his age, and not with crimes, though as a matter of fact the " follies " in *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* are atrocious enough and would lodge any man in gaol, both to-day and in Ben Jnoson's times. *Volpone* or *The Fox* appeared in 1605, *Epicoene* or *The Silent Woman* in 1609 and *The Alchemist* in 1610. These three comedies contain a gallery of distinct characters and are certainly the most powerful plays that were ever turned out by Ben Jonson. *The Alchemist* is considered the best play of Ben Jonson in the matter of construction of the plot, indeed one of the finest in this matter in the whole range of the English Comedy of Manners. But the ingenuity of sudden transitions or turns of thought is not less remarkable in *Volpone*. There is not a greater play in the whole world that breathes a nobler scorn of Mammon. The play shows how in low and grovelling minds all ties of love and honours are snapped in the quest of lucre. The noble song :

> " Come, my Celia, let us prove,
> While we can, the sports of love "

occurs in this play, being sung by Volpone, one of the most ignoble of men.

Corbaccio, tottering on the verge of the grave, casts off a worthy son and the most jealous husband is ready to give his wife to shame from the mere lust of lucre. This is also the theme of *The Alchemist*, which deals more specifically with the will-o-the wisp of alchemy—a subject that engaged the attention even of such an ancient poet as Chaucer in the latter part of *The Canterbury Tales*. Powerful as *The Silent Woman* is, the action is rather improbable, while the divorce scene in the play throws light on Jonson's vast learning, besides being one of the most diverting and grotesque scenes in all dramas.

Ben Jonson worked on for the English stage in the reign of James I, for which king he also executed a number of masques. The time came when Jonson preferred the creation of Masques to writing plays for the theatre. Even in the matter of Masques,

he quarrelled with the King's Architect and Master of the Revels, Inigo Jones. The latter worthy's task was to furnish the machinery and decorations required for the Masques, but Jonson thought more of the matter than of the carpentering and would take no orders from one he considered a mere mechanic. But in 1614 however Jonson wrote one of his best comedies of manners—Bartholomew Fair. It pillories hypocrisy in various forms, especially in the Puritan preachers of the time. There is perhaps no play — excepting *Every Man in His Humour*, which tells us more about the London manners of the time than *Bartholomew Fair*. As regards portrayal of low life and the petty tradesmen of the time, *Bartholomew Fair* is the best mirror to reflect them. But he seems to have got tired of the stage : hence his noble poem : "*Come, Leave the Loathed Stage.*" He did however continue to write for the stage. The quarrel with Inigo Jones was one cause. The succession of Charles I to the throne was another. The decline begins with *The Devil is an Ass*, 1616. This play ridicules the projectors or monopolists and exposes the pretended demoniacs and witch-finders. As in most plays of Ben Jonson there is a gull or simpleton and there are rogues or knaves. After his visit to Drummond of Howthornden he produced *The Staple of News*, his last great play. *The New Inn*, 1629 shows definite signs of loss of power which continued in *The Magnetic Lady*, 1632 and *Tale of a Tub*, 1633. But even in his decline, he wrote the fragment of a play *The Sad Shepherd*, which is perhaps the most tender and graceful piece of writing that came from his pen and as a pastoral drama is approached only by Fletcher's : *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

BEN JONSON AS A SATIRIST

Ben Jonson's comedies are full of satire. Some of them like *Poetaster* dealing with Marston and Dekker are full of personal satire. The greater part of his work he wrote in the reign of James I. The spacious days of "Gloriana" were over. A pedantic monarch and an apologist for the "Divine Right" Theory was on the throne. Great men like Raleigh languished in prison. The glorious victories of the age of Elizabeth were over. The East India Company was out to make more money. Ideals had fallen. Jonson's attack on favourites in *Sejanus* brought him to

the Star Chamber Court in a reign when favourites like Somerset and Buckingham were to rule England.

Ben Jonson exhibits victims to flog with his satire. He really has no heroes. The times were not in tune for hero-worship of any sort, though we must not forget his tribute to Shakespeare ("He was not of an age, but for all mankind etc."), though even that tribute is qualified with a spice of censure in Shakespeare's "Small Latin and less Greek." The only person of his time whom he has praised in an unqualified manner in his *Discoveries* was his illustrious contemporary, Bacon.

Even in his tragedies, Ben Jonson has no heroes, or we may say that his *heroes* are *villains*. They are so rooted in their villainy that they need no motive to actuate them. His villain heroes come from Roman History. Sallust and Cicero had satirised one—Catiline. Tacitus satirises the other—Sejanus—with a trenchant pen. Ben Jonson chose deliberately to walk in the footsteps of the satire of Tacitus. But the time came when he thought it safer to turn from the satire of existing individuals or historical personages — from Catiline, Sejanus, Marston and Dekker — to satirise types and classes, as the later comedy of Greece and the surviving Roman Comedy of Plautus and Terence had done.

This he declared openly in the Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*, when he said that he would sport with human follies by laughing at them. He yielded to none, says Mr. C. H. Herford, "in the keenness of his eye for every form of folly. He knows neither the god-like heights nor the abysmal depths of human consciousness." But no master was required to teach him to discover the follies and hypocrisy of London life and denounce them. When he launches on his satirical attacks upon the hypocrites of his time, the gulls and the villains, he would shrink from no indelicacy of language or allusion. His business was to show vice its own filthy colour and loathsome form. The Puritans and their followers were his special aversion. But all kinds of quacks and hypocrites, fortune-hunters, jealous husbands, greedy fathers, cunning servants, rogues and gulls, alchemists, astrologers, witch-finders, and faddists of all kinds come under the lash of his satire, as can be seen from the brief sketch of his comedy above given. That such a ruthless

satirist could write *The Sad Shepherd* is indeed no small wonder. It is a great proof of the versatility of talent of which he was capable.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS

Wherever drama is written, the comedy that deals with the follies and manners of society has persisted since the times of Plautus and Terence. The *Morality Play* that had preceded the regular Elizabethan Drama was, in a way, a crude anticipation in England of the Comedy of Manners. The comedy of manners is likewise the usual content of most modern novels. The Novel has appropriately been called a "Pocket Theatre." But the novel may and often is—tragic, e.g. many of the novels of Hardy. Again, both drama and the novel may deal with the romance of love through obstacles and in spite of obstacles, or with the fortunes of war or adventure or the scenes of pastoral life, or the fairy world or idealistic visions of love, duty or virtue. Then the action—both in Drama and Fiction—is what we call romantic, rather than realistic, as the Comedy of Manners usually proposes to be. Ben Jonson's contemporaries were lovers of Romantic Comedy and the Elizabethan audiences were extreme lovers of romance and adventure. They enjoyed satire and the realistic painting of vice and folly which Ben Jonson attempted, —but they enjoyed the romantic drama—even with ghosts, fairies and witches—much better. Tastes have since altered a great deal and the modern drama as expounded by Galsworthy or G. B. Shaw is realistic. This later drama is a satirical Comedy of Manners, though in G. B. S.'s case, it often borders on the extravagant. But as regards Elizabethan Drama, one must confess that the romantic comedy of Shakespeare has still a greater attraction for us — for almost any man in the street — than the Jonsonian Comedy of Manners. And yet many an Englishman of the working class may perhaps prefer a realistic comedy of manners of modern time to a romantic play. However the love of romance and the sensational is not yet gone—and will never quite go, as the popularity of the romance of love in the modern Cinemas is enough to testify. Even with the vogue of realistic fiction in Arnold Bennett and other modern novelists, the reader of fiction could preserve a taste for tales of many lands, as in the

fiction of Conrad or Somerset Maugham, and it must be confessed that the average novel-reader in England prefers the simpler romance of love in Garvice or the romance of the detective story in Conan Doyle compared with the work of more ambitious novel-writers and the satire of realistic fiction in books like Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh.* What is said above about fiction applies *mutatis mutandis* to the Elizabethan Drama. That age was a full-blooded age and was not in full sympathy with writers of Satire, and though occasionally they did laugh with them, there were occasions when they laughed *at* them. Only a masterly realist and satirist like Ben Jonson could make the Comedy of Manners of interest to Elizabethan play-goers, though there were others like Heywood in his *Woman Killed with Kindness,* who could make *Manners* as opposed to *Romance* pay in the Elizabethan Theatre. Of course Heywood's play above referred to is rather a *Tragedy* than a *Comedy of Manners.* After Ben Jonson, perhaps the best instance in Elizabethan times of *The Comedy of Manners* is probably Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* This novel presents to us a diverting picture of a greedy man : but in this realistic comedy there is also the saving grace of the romance of youthful love.

Massinger's comedy above referred to is an instance that shows that even in a realistic comedy of Manners like *A New Way to Pay Old Debts,* with realism and manners and satire, a little infusion of the romance of love makes a choice blend—only speaking generally we must call it a "Comedy of Manners." The same remark holds good about Ben Jonson's plays and particularly his first play, *Every Man in His Humour.* Apart from the fact that at least in his first two comedies he chose to satirise men and women with something wrong or inharmonious in the make-up or infusion of their "Humours" and delighted to show character in a state of extreme extravagance about some vice or passion, his comedies are wonderful pictures of the society of his age. To apply a comparison with two Victorian novelists we may say that as Dickens loved to portray "low" life and Thackeray "Snobs" and "gentlemen," Ben Jonson was a master hand at portraying "low" life and Shakespeare fared better with the aristocrats. This does not mean of course that Shakespeare did not paint the common man or woman in ordinary life. He

did that too and sometimes with great success, as for instance in the case of Falstaff and his crew.

This statement necessarily introduces a certain corrective to what has been said above. And it is this : it does not mean that in a Romantic Comedy like *The Tempest*, or even *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream* (which are perhaps the most sharply cut examples of Romantic Comedy to be placed before the reader), there is not to be found a picture of manners. In fact there often is—and Shakespeare has worked it in with the cunning of a master-artist—a lively blend or infusion of the Comedy of Manners. That beautiful dish of satire we have in the picture of Trinculo and Stephano in *The Tempest*, or of Bottom and Co. in *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, or the satire about different nationalities and particularly Scotchmen and Englishmen in the conversation between Portia and Nerissa in *The Merchant of Venice*, or the philosophy of life of Touchstone in *As You Like It*, or of the Fool in *King Lear*, and even Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado About Nothing* is a masterly criticism of life and the satire of life's manners as anywhere to be found in the regular *Comedy of Manners*. The difference only depends on the *stress* that is put. Is it a Romance ? Is it a Comedy of Manners, where in Ben Jonson's words we " catch the living manners of the age." ? A romantic comedy has as much a right to trespass on the domain of the Comedy of Manners as the latter on that of the romance of love. Even in *Every Man in His Humour* is there not a little romance—that of the love passion of Bridget and Edward Know'ell though it is a rare plant of twenty-four hours' growth ? Like the lily in Ben Jonson's famous poem perhaps, which is the flower of grace and light and is fairer far than the oak. But in Romantic Comedy the love passion has its roots deep down like the oak, and it is buffeted by many a storm.

In any case, a little mixture of romance does give a grace to a Comedy of Manners, and that of realistic manners to the Romantic Comedy. Shakespeare knew the value of this realistic portrayal of manners too well to deny to himself the comic humour that arises from it—apart from the comedy of romance that lies in love's quarrels and differences. It was for the same reason perhaps that Shakespeare and the Elizabethans generally

blended tragedy with comedy and comedy with tragedy, while Ben Jonson stood severely alone, holding fast to his texts and his masters—his Aristotle, his Horace and his Quintilian and would allow no unholy mixture of serious tragedy with his high comedy and vice versa.

The Restoration revived after Ben Jonson the vogue of the Comedy of Manners and beginning with Etherege, comedy reached a high level of wit and brilliance in Wycherley and Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. It made a new start again at the end of the eighteenth century in the hands of Goldsmith and Sheridan and at the end of the Victorian epoch with Oscar Wilde, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett aend G. B. Shaw. The Comedy of manners with these writers appears habited more modestly in prose. But in wit and fun and brilliance and originality of thought and analogies, it preserves its own flavour and its own eminence.

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Title [redacted]

Author

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Euery MAN IN HIS HVMOVR.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1598, By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

Iuven.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

London :
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY
MDCXVI.

This Comœdie was first
acted, in the yeere 1598
By the then L. Chamberlayne
his Servants.

The principall Comœdians were

Will. Shakespeare	Ric. Burbage
Aug. Philips	Joh. Hemings
Hen. Condel	Tho. Pope
Will. Slye	Chr. Beeston
Will. Kempe	Joh. Duke

With the allowance of the Master of the Revells.

TO THE MOST

LEARNED, AND

MY HONOR'D

FRIEND,

Mr. CAMBDEN.

'Sir,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of *Poetry*, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits confer'd upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse.

'Your true lover,

'BEN. JONSON.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

KNO'WELL, *an old Gentleman.*
ED[WARD] KNO'WELL, *his Son.*
BRAIN-WORM, *the Father's Man.*
Mr. STEPHEN, *a Country Gull.*
[GEORGE] DOWN-RIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELL-BRED, *his half Brother.*
Just [ice] CLEMENT, *an old merry Magistrate.*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk.*
KITELY, *a Merchant.*
Dame KITTELY, *his Wife.*
Mrs. BRIDGET, *his Sister.*
Mr. MATHEW, *the Town Gull.*
[THOMAS] CASH, *Kitely's Man.*
[OLIVER] COB, *a Water-bearer.*
TIB, *his Wife.*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's Man.*
[WELL-BRED'S *Servant.*]
Servants, &c.]

The SCENE,—London.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

PROLOGUE.

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much ;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate :
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years ; or, with three rusty swords,
10 And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be ;
Where neither chorus wafts you ore the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please :
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afear'd
The gentlewomen ; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum
20 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come ;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes
Except we make 'hem such, by loving still

Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill
I mean such errors as you'll all confess
By laughing at them, they deserve no less :
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
30 You, that have so graced monsters, may like men.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[*A Street.*

Enter KNO'WELL *at the door of his House.*]

Know. A goodly day toward ! and a fresh morning—Brain-worm !

[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM.]

Call up your young master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.
Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brai. Well, sir.
10 Could I by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame, in her report
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces :
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
20 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors ;
Which then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge :

But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

[*Enter* Master STEPHEN.]

Cousin Stephen !

What news with you, that you are here so early ?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

30 *Know.* That's kindly done ; you are welcome, coz—

Step. I, I know that, sir ; I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle ?

Know. O, well, coz ; go in and see : I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting ; I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you ?

40 *Step.* No, wusse ; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all ; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. O, most ridiculous !

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle :—Why, you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him : they are more studied then the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without 'hem ; and by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum : hang 'hem, scroyles ! there's 50 nothing in 'hem i' the world. What do you talk on it ? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds ? A fine jest, i' faith ! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry ; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd cockscomb, go to !
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak ;
Tak't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you found means enow, to waste
60 That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O, it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:—I, so; now you are told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you phancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger then your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an aery, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

[*Enter a* SERVANT.]

Who comes here?

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SCENE II.—[*The same.*]

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law), Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die (as there's hope he will); I have a pretty living o' mine own too, besides, hard-by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

10 *Step.* In good time, sir? why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, and need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

20 *Serv.* Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an' you were out of mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this nere be left?

Step. Base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
30 You see, the honest man demeans himself
Modestly to'ards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me

[*Exit* Master STEPHEN.]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Know. Yes, mary is it, sir.

Serv. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Master
40 Edward Kno'well; do you know any such, sir I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir. I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads*]. *To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well.* What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One Master Well-bred, sir.

50 *Know.* Master Well-bred! A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true.—Brain-worm!

[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM.]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you go in.

[*Exeunt* BRAIN-WORM *and* SERVANT.]

This letter is directed to my son:
Yes I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
60 The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope, (old men are curious,)
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater.
Of this young Well-bred. What have we here? What's this? [*Reads.*]

'Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery;
70 change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogs-den, as was between Jews

and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee!—(our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior). One is a rimer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other
80 —I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

'From the Wind-mill.'

From the Burdello it might come as well
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth?
90 I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a prophane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apri-cots?
Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought
100 Y' had had more judgment t' have made election
Of your companions, [than] t' have tane on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man too much the father.—Brain-worm!

[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM.]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.
Know. And where is your young . . master?
110 *Brai.* In his chamber, sir.
Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?
Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.
Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.
Brai. O lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*
Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent mean to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrained, grows more impatient; and in kind
120 Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who nere so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, then fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn 'em' and the same
130 They should for virtu' have done, they'll do for shame.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.— [*A Room in* KNO'WELL'S *House.*

Enter E. KNO'WELL, *with a Letter in his hand, followed by* BRAIN-WORM.]

E. Know. Did he open it, sayst thou?
Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.
E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, pr'ythee, made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?
Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.
E. Know. No! how knowst thou then, that he did either?
Brai. Mary, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell

nobody that he opened it ; which, unless he had done, he would
10 never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true : Well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

[*Enter* Master STEPHEN.]

Step. O, Brain-worm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha'-call-him doublet ? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen ; what of him ?

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him—where is he, canst thou tell ?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone, Master Stephen.

20 *Step.* Gone ! which way ? when went he ? how long since ?

Brai. He is rid hence ; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields ! horson Scanderbag rogue ! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again !

Brai. Why, you may ha' my m[aste]r's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay roll'd hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now : let him e'en go and hang. Praythee, help to truss me a little : he does
30 so vex me.

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't : how dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm ?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen ; but the wooollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh ! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust ; I'll have a pair of silk against winter,
40 that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose ——

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would : I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen ; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha !

[KNO'WELL *laughs, having read the letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me ; and he do—

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him ! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costar'-monger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience Ile troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my motality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much physic ; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Well-bred, had arriv'd at him in such a minute of his patience ! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—[*sees* Master STEPHEN.] What, my wise cousin ! nay, then Ile furnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three : oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee——

Step. Oh, now I see who he laught at : he laught at somebody in that letter. By this good light, and he hath laught at me——

E. Know. How now, Cousin Stephen, melancholy ?

Step. Yes, a little : I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an' I had, coz ? what would you ha' done ?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed ?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then——

E. Know. What then ?

Step. I am satisfied ; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz : and, I pray you, let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him ; it's but crossing over the fields to Moregate : Will you bear me company ? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one and 't were ; you shall command me twice so far as Moregate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you ! I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

90 *Step.* By my fackins, but I will, by your leave :--Ile protest more to my friend, then Ile speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me : but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz ! do you know what you say ? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit ? fie ! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour 100 of a strong spirit, and he ! this man ! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again' a good time, shews more bright to the world then he ! and he ! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man ! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a millaner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cypress ! O, coz ! it cannot be answered ; go not about it : Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz ; but hold up 110 your head, so : and let the *idea* of what you are be portrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy, 'here, within this place, is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature,' which is all one. What think you of this, coz ?

Step. Why, I do think of it ; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like then I have been, Ile ensure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen !—Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will

do well for a suburb-humor : we may hap have a match with the 120 city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. Ile follow you.

E. Know. Follow me ! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—[*The Lane before* COB'S *House.*

Enter Master MATTHEW.]

Mat. I think this be the house : what, hough !

[*Enter* COB.]

Cob. Who's there ? O, Master Matthew ! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob ! how dost thou, good Cob ? dost thou, inhabit here, Cob ?

Cob. I, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob ! what lineage ? what lineage ?

10 *Cob.* Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from king's belly, no worse man ; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish, (from his belly I proceed,) one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's books. His cob was my great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee ?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great 20 cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that ?

Cob. How know I ! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost ! O unsavoury jest ! and the ghost of a herring cob ?

Cob. I, sir: With favour of your worship's nose, Master Matthew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of rasher bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say rasher bacon. They were broiled o' the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'ldst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in 't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he nere cast better in his life, then he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so; perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine.—Gi' me my tankard there hough!—God b' w' your, sir. It's six a clock: I should ha' carried two turns, by this.—What hough! my stopple; come.

[*Enter* TIB *with a water-tankard.*]

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! Well, Ile tell him my mind!

Cob. What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit* TIB *with* Master MATTHEW.] Oh, an' my house were the Brasen-head now! faith it would e'en speak *Mo' fools yet.* You

should ha' some now would take this Master Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth ; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man !) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one Master Kitely's i' the Old Jewry ; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mistress Bridget, and calls her mistress ; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poetry, poetry, and speaking of interludes ; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I'ld forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh ! There's an oath ! How many water-brearens shall you hear swear such an oath ? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christned : *By St. George ! the foot of Pharaoh ! the body of me ! as I am a gentleman and a soldier !* such dainty oaths ! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels.—Well, he owes me forty shillings, (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence a time,) besides his lodging : I would I had it ! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—[*A Room in* COB'S *House.*]

BOBADILL *is discovered lying on his bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess !

[*Enter* TIB.]

Tib. What say you, sir ?
Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.
Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.
Bob. A gentleman ! 'odso, I am not within.
Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

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Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. [*below.*] Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there?—(Take away the bason, good hostess!)

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come
10 —Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

[*Enter* MATTHEW.]

Mat. 'Save you, sir, 'save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to,
20 I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, Sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: Now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.
30 *Bob.* I, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who, I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am
40 extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above

all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there? What? Go by, Hieronymo?

Mat. I; did you ever see it acted? Is't not well pend?

Bob. Well pend! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a
50 gentleman, read 'hem, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

[Master MATTHEW *reads.*] BOBADILL *is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* there's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* another *O world, no world, but mass of publique wrongs*! a third. *Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!* a fourth. O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

60 *Bob.* 'Tis good.

Mat. *'To thee, the prest object to my sense,*
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly, I conclude.'

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses: But when will you come and see my
70 study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, an' now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: This other day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful, and gentleman-like;

yet he condemned, and cry'd it down for the most pyed and
80 ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. I, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgement then a malt-horse: By S. George, I wonder you'ld lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I nere changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not
90 so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said, cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

100 *Bob.* That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

110 *Mat.* Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance,

or so. I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, then mine own practise, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-
120 staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit* TIB.] *So, sir.* Come on: O, twine you body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

130 *Bob.* O, out of measure ill: a well experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus sir,—make a thrust at me—[Master MATTHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best practised gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any
140 facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one *venue*, sir.

Bob. *Venue!* fie; most gross denomination, as ever I heard: O, the *stoccata*, while you live, sir, note that.—Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—Ile send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you
150 by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hailshot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tabacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon 160 his brother there, and put him to the question.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—[*The Old Jewry. A Hall in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWN-RIGHT.]

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter, neither.—
Where is the boy?
Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.
Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Mr. Lucar: Tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.
Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*]
Kit. Do you see that fellow, Brother Down-right.
Dow. I, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christened him, gave him mine own name, Thomas;
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I called him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.
Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew

Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother; what is't, what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection——
Dow. What need this circumstance? pray you, be direct.
Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I 'ave been affected to your——
Dow. You are too tedious: come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Well-bred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Nere trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it shewed not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fall'n off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,

Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants, and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeyns, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well, he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer till his heart ake; an' he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door; Ile lay my hand o' my halfpenny, e're I part with 't to fetch him out, Ile assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me.
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance),
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A king of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more then this, brother; if I should speak
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,

Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes ;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beg some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you ? mary, this :
They would give out, (because my wife is fair,
110 Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,)
That I were jealous !—nay, as sure as death,
That they would say : and how that I had quarrelled
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so : they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it ; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
120 And try experiments upon myself ;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation, and good name——

SCENE II.—[*The Same.*

Enter Master MATTHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL.]

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him ! away ! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not ! you shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring ?

Dow. How then ? what should he do ?

Bob. Gentleman o' the house, it is to you : is he within, sir ?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear ? you !

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me ; Ile talk to
10 no scavenger.

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.]

Dow. How scavenger ! stay, sir, stay !

Kit. Nay, Brother Down-right.

Dow. 'Heart ! stand you away, and you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not ; I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha ! scavenger ! well, go to, I say little : but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow—. 'Sdeyns, and I swallow this, Ile near draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live ; Ile sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger ! heart !—and Ile go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, and I have good luck : your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus ; never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these ! these are his cam'rades, his walking mates ! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut ! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses : Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, and I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not ore high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler,
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently and compose
Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim ;
More winning, then enforcing the consent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now ! (*Bell rings.*) Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come ; I'll but give order for some dispatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit* DOWN-RIGHT]

SCENE III.—[*The Same.*

Enter COB *with his tankard.*]

Kit. What, Cob ! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir ; take heed somebody have not them, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*]

Kit. Well ; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish : but I must be content,
Howere I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
10 So well-bred had nere lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace? No, no : beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
20 Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answered their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Mary, I hope they ha' not got that start ;
For opportunity hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
30 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire.
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

[*Enter* Dame KITELY *and* BRIDGET.]

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* BRIDGET.] — Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast ?

Kit. An' she have overheard me now !—

Dame K. I pray thee, good musse, we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

40 *Dame K.* What ail you, sweetheart ? are you not well ? speak, good musse.

Kit. Troth my head akes extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*putting her hand to his forehead.*] Oh, the lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Musses, keep you warm; good truth it is new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
50 Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me i' the wind.—
Sweetheart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heaven it do. [*Exit.*]

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be called poor mortals plague:
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
60 Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgement; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is to know this?
70 Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—[*Moorfields.*

Enter BRAIN-WORM *disguised like a maimed Soldier.*]

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I

create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young [master], dry-foot, over Morefields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici,* I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lace-knights, my arm here, and my—Odso! my young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

[*Enter* E. KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN.]

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me: would I could get by them.

E. Know. What, ha' you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I— [*Cries.*]

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, and it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! Oh, the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, i' faith.—

'Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.'

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

40 *Step.* And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

'The deeper the sweeter,
Ile be judged by St. Peter.'

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Mary, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help't you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'hem so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor 50 gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortune, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affeted to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, then live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and 60 followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

70 *Step.* True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. I, with a velvet, scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, and 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'de not wear it as 'tis, and you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir : nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

80 *Step.* I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it ? An' it had a silver hilt——

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it ; hold, there's a shilling, fellow ; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so ; and there's another shilling, fellow ; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money !

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut ! Ile buy this i' the field, so I will ; I have a 90 mind to't because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more then 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted ; but Ile have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—[*Another Part of* Moorfields

KNO'WELL. *Enter*]

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son ; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.—
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a gray head : age was authority
Against a buffon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
10 That had none due unto his life : so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now we all are fallen ; youth, from their fear.
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents

That did destroy the hopes in our own children ;
Or they not learned our vices in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs with their milk !
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning ; the first words
20 We form their tongues with, are licentious jests :
But this is in the infant, in the days
Of the long coat ; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already !
No, no, this dye goes deeper then the coat,
Or shirt, or skin ; it stains unto the liver,
And heart, in some : and rather then it should not,
Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !
This is one path : but there are millions more,
30 In which we spoil our own, with leading them,
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travail'd with my son before sixteen,
To shew him the Venetian cortezans :
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve, repeating still
The rule, *Get Money ; still get money, boy ;*
No matter by what means ; money will do
More, boy, then my lord's letter. Neither have I
Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
40 Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem :
Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only feared
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now ; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong.
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be nere so clean—
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
50 If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear :
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Then all that I have mentioned of example.

[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before.*]

Brain. My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh now, I have sped so well [*aside*]. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life.—God's my comfort, but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

60 *Brai.* By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: Sweet worship——

Know. Nay, and you be so importunate—

70 *Brai.* Oh, tender sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—[*weeps*]. Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honor.——

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
80 Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham-st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education nere so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name
90 But would become thee better then to beg:

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in ;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whatere he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insists in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course,
100 if so——

Know. I,
you'ld gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek ? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days ; but——and for service, would it were as soon purchast, as wisht for ! the air's my comfort [*sighs*].—I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name ?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword !

110 Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true ?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honor of a soldier——

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths :
Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words ?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were so happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me, Ile prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

[*Exit.*]

Brai. Yes, sir, straight ; Ile but garter my hose—Oh, that
120 my belly were hoopt now, for I am ready to burst with laughing ! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there even seen a fox in years to betray himself thus ! now shall I be possest of all his counsels ; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty ; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience : Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the

sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter,
30 let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant : why, this is better then to have staid his journey : well, Ile follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed ! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—[*The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter Master MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, and BOBADIL.]

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Down-right?

Bob. He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

10 *Wel.* Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

Wel. Good captain, faces about, to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, and there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by S. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, Master Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to
20 a few, *Quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

[*Enter* E. KNO'WELL *and* Master STEPHEN.]

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad

Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirra, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare
30 letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, Ile be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and Ile have my judgement burned in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why, saiest thou! why doest thou think that
40 any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mis-tane my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now; but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

50 *Wel.* What, what?

E. Know. Mary, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem, if thou hear'st 'hem once go; my wind-instruments; Ile wind 'hem up—but what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the dumb man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make
60 your music the fuller, and he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, Ile neither do your judgement nor his folly

that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension : Ile leave him to the mercy o' your search ; if you can take him, so !

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Mr. Matthew, pray you know this gentleman here ; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir [*to* MASTER STEPHEN], but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

70 *Step.* My name is Mr. Stephen, sir ; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir ; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir [*to* KNO'WELL], I must tell you this, I am no general man ; but for Mr. Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir ; I have scarce enow to thank
80 you.

Mat. [*to* Master STEPHEN] But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it ?

Step. I, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir ; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. Sure he utters them then by the gross. [*Aside.*]

90 *Step.* Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better then in measure, Ile undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you, have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon ?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'le say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a
100 fire amongst 'hem ! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.
[*Aside.*]

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh I, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy, too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking as a most honorable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less
110 then two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier!

Step. 'So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

120 *E. Know.* Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh lord, sir! By S. George, I was the first man that ent'red the breach; and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. 'Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

[*Aside to* STEPHEN.]

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and your-
130 self shall confess.

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack, first. [*Aside.*]

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverings just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor

rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

140 *Wel.* To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shews his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a Toledo or no?

150 *Bob.* A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This is a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Etep. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with 160 him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it—an' ere I meet him—

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir, you must have patience.

Step. Coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

170 *E. Know.* A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 't is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

SCENE II. [*The same.*

Enter BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before.*]

E. Know. A miracle, cousin ; look here, look here !

Step. Oh—god's lid ! By your leave, do you know me, sir ?

Brai. I, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Brai. Yes, mary did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it ; it is none.

10 *Step.* Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it :—By god's will, and you had not confest it—

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear !

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done, like a gentleman ; he has confest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Know. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour : a pretty piece of civility ! Sirra, how doest thou like him ?

20 *Wel.* Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him : I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

E. Know. With me, sir ? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

Brai. You are conceited, sir : Your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it ?

E. Know. You are i' the right ; you mean not to proceed 30 in the catechism, do you ?

Brai. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though : well, say sir.

Brai. [*taking* E. KNOW. *aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your

worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brain-worm.

E. Know. Brain-worm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

40 *Brai.* The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father !

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true ; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Know. Sirra, Well-bred, what shall we do, sirra ? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father ! Where is he ?

Brai. At Justice Clement's house here, in Colmanstreet, where he but stays my return ; and then—

50 *Wel.* Who's this ? Brain-worm !

Brai. The same sir.

Wel. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here ; withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return ?

Brai. Do I live, sir ? what a question is that !

Wel. We'le prorogue his expectation, then, a little. Brain-
60 worm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not : 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen !

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—[*The Old* Jewry. KITELY'S *Warehouse.*

Enter] KITELY *and* CASH

Kit. What says he, Thomas ? did you speak with him ?
Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half-hour.
Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell ?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.
Kit. O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!—
[*Exit* CASH.]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
I, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
May be contrived, I, and effected too.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
In two hours absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open.
Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straw;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up, close, and well watched,
For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go;
The dangers are too many:—and then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads,
Within this city, never were in safety,
Since our wives wore these little caps: Ile change 'hem;
Ile change 'hem straight in mine: mine shall no more
Wear three-piled akornes, to make my horns ake.
Nor will I go; I am resolved for that.

[*Re-enter* CASH *with a cloak.*]

40 Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too :
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with th' bonds.

Kit. That's true : fool on me ! I had clean forgot it ; I must go. What's a clock ?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
50 What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time ; but then are turned and turned :
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas !

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—
60 Thomas, is Cob within ?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange !
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change ; what should I fear then ?
70 Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be called love, you are
More then in hope, you are possessed of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas : gi' me you hand :
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you—but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up :
80 So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing nearer to my crest,
Then thou art 'ware of, Thomas ; if thou shouldst
Reveal it, but—

Cash. How ! I reveal it ?

Kit. Nay.
I do not think thou wouldst ; but if thou shouldst,
90 'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery ;. .
Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then ?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever !

Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some concealed purpose, and close meaning sure ;
Else, being urged so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation ?
H'is no precisian, that I am certain of,
100 Nor rigid Roman Catholic : he'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack ; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it ? urge him again,
And by some other way ! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose :—
Yes, you did swear ?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good ;
110 I am resolv'd without it ; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kit. It's too much ; these ceremonies need not|:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near ; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
—Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.
[*Aside.*]
I have of late, by divers observations—
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully ? ha ! say you ?
I will ask counsel ere I do proceed :— [*Aside.*]
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
Ile spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think ;— and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipt 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother, Well-bred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear ?
Or here in Colman-street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else ; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kit. Be it your special business
Now to remember it.
Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas, I told you of.
Cash. No, sir ; I do suppose it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Cash. Sir, I do believe you.
Kit. By heaven it is not, that's enough : but, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,

To any creature living ; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much ;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you ; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here.—
No greater hell then to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*]

160 *Cash. Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here* !
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head ? ha !
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink ; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all : but soft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer ; somewhat has crost him now.

SCENE IV. [*The same.*

Enter COB.]

Cob. Fasting-days ! what tell you me of fasting-days ? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me ! they say the whole world shall be consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villainous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then—

Cash. Why, how now, Cob ? what moves thee to this choler, ha ?

Cob. Collar, Master Thomas ! I scorn your collar, I, sir ; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water.
10 An' you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar ? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob, thy humour, thy humour—thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so, indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

20 *Cash.* Mary Ile tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh I, humour is nothing if it be not fed: did'st thou never hear that? it's common phrase, *feed my humour.*

Cob. Ile none on it: humour avaunt! I know you not, be gone! let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; and't
30 had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, and 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse, against 'hem.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Mary, that which will make any man out of love with 'hem I think; their bad conditions, and you will needs know.
40 First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter then all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'le keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to rack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in
50 passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz, [*pulls out a red herring*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, and I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. Oh that I had room for tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for

them, these days of persecution would ne're be known. Ile be hang'd an' some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem, and puts in more fasting-days then he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else; here is Mr. Hatthew. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with* COB.]

SCENE V. [*The same.*

Enter WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-WORM, MATTHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.]

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolutely good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. I, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes faith: but was't possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, and I might have been joined patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *a crafty*
30 *knave needs no broker.*

Brai. True, sir; but I did *need a broker,* ergo—

Wel. Well put off:—*no crafty knave,* you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

[*Re-enter* CASH.]

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne're a one to be found now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but Master Down-right is within—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone, too?

40 *Wel.* Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob! [*Exit.*]

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar, but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shew'd him you the other day.

E. Know. O, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men; I have heard
50 many of his jests i' University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. I, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or serving of God; anything, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

CASH *goes in and out calling.*

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, 'pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? —Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*]

60 *Bob.* Body of me! here's the remainder to seven pound

since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado : did you never take any, Master Stephen ?

Step. No, truly, sir ; but Ile learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only : therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind : so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado : your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind ; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much ; by Hercules I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

[*Re-enter* CASH *with* COB.]

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Colman-street.

Cob. O, oh !

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man ?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo ! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*]

Cob. By gods me I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers : there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight : one of them, they say, will ne're scape it : he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then

I, I'ld have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tabacco-pipe ; why, it will stifle them all in the end, 100 as many as use it ; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[BOBADILL *beats him with a cudgel.*

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold !

Bob. You base cullion, you !

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, tho'art well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you : well, it shall be a dear beating, and I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur ?

E. Know. Nay good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool ? Away, knave.

110 *Wel.* Thomas, get him away. [*Exit* CASH *with* COB.]

Bob. A filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement ! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'ld ha' sta'd him to earth.

Wel. Mary, the law forbid, sir !

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. O, he swears most admirably ! By Pharaoh's foot ! Body o' Cæsar !—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honor, and by Saint George !—No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any ? By this air, the most 120 divine tabacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too : but nothing like the other. By this air ! [Master STEPHEN *is practising to the post.*] As I am a gentleman. By—

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.]

Brai. [*pointing to* MASTER STEPHEN.] Master, glance, glance ! Master Well-bred !

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool ; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tabacco ?

Step. I, sir ! Upon my reputation—

130 *E. Know.* How now, cousin !

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed.

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. I, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is 'divine tabacco!'

140 *Wel.* But soft, where's Mr. Matthew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse: we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brain-worm!

Step. Brain-worm! Where? Is this Brain-worm?

E. Know. I, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! S. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

150 *Wel.* Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—[Coleman-street. *A Room in Justice* CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter KITELY and COB.]

Kit. Ha! how many are there, sayest thou?

Cob. Mary, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred—

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. I, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
10 With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.
Kit. Didst thou come running?
Cob. No, sir.
Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste,
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was ranked in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know.—
But, Cob.
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?
Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.
Kit. No; their lips were sealed with kisses, and the voice,
Drowned in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.—
Cob, which of them was't that first kist my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it, sayst thou?
Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?
Kit. Oh, I, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.
Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter of Bridewell then your worship's company, if I saw anybody to be kist, unless they would have kist the post in the middle of the warehouse: for there I left them all at their tabacco.
Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?
Cob. O no, sir.
Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then? Cob, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lyen in my house,

50 'twould never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that, Ile be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neckerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes Justice Clement.

SCENE VII.—[*The same.*

Enter Justice] CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, *and* FORMAL.

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. I, sir.

Clem. Heart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly? —How now, sirra! what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's——

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

10 *Cob.* I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Mary, I have seldom scap't scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. And't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

20 *Clem.* Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ere hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Clem. No, sir; but, your worship's warrant for one that has wronged be, sir; his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an' my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelvemonth and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How, how knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Mary, and't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave this, sirra?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Mary, indeed, and please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tabacco, as I came by 'hem when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tabacco? Formal, his name?

Form. What's your name, sirra?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. Nay, gods pretious! and such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tabacco once, I have done: Away with him!

Cob. O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman!

[*To* KNO'WELL.]

Know. Sweet Oliver, would I could do thee any good!—Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better then metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in

the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers !—Roger, away with him ! by gods pretious—I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv'd it ; but not the prison, I beseech you.

70 *Know.* Alas, poor Oliver !

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant :—he shall not go, I but fear the knave.

Form. Do you stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go ; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship !

Clem. Away, despatch him. [*Ex.* FORM *and* COB.]—How now, Master Kno'well, in dumps, in dumps ! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

80 *Clem.* Your cares are nothing : they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What ! your son is old enough to govern himself ; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a stay'd man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason ; you had reason to take care : but being none of these, mirth's my witness, an' I had twice so many cares as you have, I'ld drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it : I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—[*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter] DOWN-RIGHT *and* Dame KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some
10 of 'hem: and 'twere not more for your husband's sake then anything else, I'ld make the house too hot for the best on 'hem: they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, ere a one of 'hem.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this? Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good
20 faith, you'ld mad the patient'st body in the world to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

SCENE II.—[*The same.*

Enter Mistress BRIDGET, Master MATTHEW, *and* BOBADILL: *followed, at a distance, by* WELL-BRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, *and* BRAIN-WORM.]

Brid. Servant, in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff !

Well. O, now stand close ; pray heaven, she can get him to read ! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you ?

Mat. Mary, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy——

10 *Down.* To mock an ape withal ! O, I could sew up his mouth now.

Dame. K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rime-given too ?

Mat. Mistress, Ile read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery ! Death ! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*]

E. Know. What ails thy brother ? can he not contain himself at reading of a ballad ?

20 *Well.* O, no ; a rime to him is worse then cheese, or a bagpipe : but mark ; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in an humour ; I know not how it is ; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a —— pray you, sir, you can judge ?

Step. Not I, sir ; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh !

Well. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your
30 dear mistress, and her fair sister : fie ! while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir ; well, *incipere dulce.*

E. Know. How ! *insipere dulce !* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed !

Well. What, do you take *insipere* in that sense ?

E. Know. You do not, you ! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte.

Well. O, the benchers' phrase ; *pauca verba, pauca verba !*

Mat. 'Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
40 Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.'
E. Know. This is in Hero and Leander.
Well. O, I ; peace ! we shall have more of this.
Mat. 'Be not unkind and fair : misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.'
Well. How like you that, sir ?

[Master STEPHEN *answers with shaking his head.*]

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel
50 an there be any brain in it.
Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now :
'And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.'
E. Know. Well, Ile have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.
Well. O, forgive it him.
E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him ! and from the dead ! it's worse then sacrilege.

[WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, and Master STEPHEN *come forward.*]

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here, verses ? pray you let's see :
60 who made these verses ? they are excellent good.
Mat. O, Master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning ; I made them *extempore.* this morning.
Wel. How ! *extempore ?*
Mat. I, would I might be hanged else ; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the,—plague on it,—the Star, yonder.
Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so ?
E. Know. Faith, his are even with him ; they have curst him enough already.
70 *Step.* Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses ?
E. Know. O, admirable ! the best that ever I heard, coz.
Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable ! The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier !

[*Re-enter* DOWN-RIGHT.]

Down. I am vext, I can hold nere a bone of me still : Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here !

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomions and devices ; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire : Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rime, and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster ! impudence itself ! tricks !

Dame K. Tricks, brother ! what tricks ?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks ?

Dame K. Ay, never spare anybody here ; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart ! do tricks ?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied ! Why, you monkies you, what a caterwauling do you keep ? has he not given you rimes and verses, and tricks ?

Down. O, the fiend !

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant ; you'll be begged else shortly for a concealment : go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less then a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants ! Mr. Matthew ! Captain ! what, all sons of silence, no spirit !

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss ; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now ! whose cow has calved ?

Down. Mary, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter ; Ile tell you of it, I, sir ; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions ?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say ; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither ; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow

you up and down the city ; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrha, you ballad-singer, and Slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home ; or by this steel, Ile cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do ; cut off his ears ! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see ; touch any man here, and by this hand Ile run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw.*

Dame K. O Jesu ! Murder ! Thomas ! Gaspar !

120 *Brid.* Help, help ! Thomas !

[Enter CASH *and some of the house to part them.*]

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah you Holofernes ; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this ; I will, by this good heaven !. nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen ; by the body of St. George, Ile not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You bragging coystril !

SCENE III.—[*The same.*

Enter] KITELY *to them.*

Kit. Why, now ! what's the matter, what's the stir here ?
Whence springs the quarrel ? Thomas ! where is he ?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage :
My wife and sister, they are the cause of this.
What, Thomas ! where is this knave ?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go : this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad that no body was hurt by his ancient
10 homour. [*Exeunt* WEL. STEP. E. KNOW. BOB. *and* BRAI.]

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawl ?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! Ile mar the knot o 'hem ere I sleep, and haps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and 'Songs and sonnets,' his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour; and you know
My brother Well-bred's temper will not bear
20 Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such
As ha' nor spark of manhood nor good manners?
'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect! [*Exit.*]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;
30 You'ld pay my portion sooner then you think for.

Dame. K. Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[*Exeunt* Dame KITELY *and* BRIDGET.]

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
'Fair disposition! excellent good parts!'
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;
It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

40 *Cash.* I, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister —

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. I, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
50 Ile die but they have hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; Ile go and search; with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—[*The Lane before* COB'S *House. Enter* COB.]

Cob. [*knocks at the door.*] What, Tib, Tib, I say!
Tib. [*within*] How now, what cuckold is't that knocks so hard?

[*Enter* TIB.]

O, husband, is't you? what's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunned me, i' faith; you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

10 *Cob.* May I? Tib, you are a——

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too; do you long to be stab'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope?

Cob. O, must you be stab'd by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullian? Ile tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptiously! but I
20 have it here in black and white, [*pulls out the warrant,*] for his black and blue, shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear; mary, it vanisht away like the smoke of tabacco; but I was smokt soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door, I charge you let no body in to you, wife; no body in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob

himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more then you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, *sweet.*

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou a flower. Keep close thy door, I ask no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—[*A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter] E. KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, *and* BRAIN-WORM [*disguised as before*].

E. Know. Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has wakt all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you have possest me withal, Ile discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

[*Exit.*]

Wel. Forth and prosper, Brain-worm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not; but, tell me ingeniously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of

good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived
20 very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; Ile go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man Ile bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have
30 her, as I am——

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desire complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—[*A Street.*

Enter] FORMAL *and* KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. I, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Morefields.
[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before.*]
O, here he is!—Yo' have made fair speed, believe me:
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

10 *Brai.* O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brain-worm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered

All that I strictly charged him to conceal?
'Tis so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for, Ile be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Kno'well's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany 'hem; an all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'hem), they lockt me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with 'hem at a feast; and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'hem, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. I, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNOW.] Yes—invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expec-

tation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on
60 a nupson now of this justice's novice!—[*Aside.*] Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit sir. 'Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers—

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Mary have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost—

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brai. O, sir——

70 *Form.* But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too somewhat. [*Aside.*]

Form. No better time then now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

80 *Brai.* Ile follow you, sir;—and make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—[A Street.

Enter] MATTHEW, *E.* KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half-brother? I think the whole world cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, I, sir, he threat'ned me with the bastinado.

Bob. I, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

10 *Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

[*He practises at a post.*

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a——punto!

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first comming to the
20 city, after my long travail for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of all measure. Well, I told 'hem that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so
30 forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac't them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased 'hem since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

40 *Bob.* Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me somm three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which

were then my quarters ; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary : where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not orecome their spleen ; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot
50 at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other then this bastinado for 'hem ; yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. I, believe me, may you, sir : and in my conceit our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no ! what's a peculiar man to a nation ? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

60 *Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss ; but who respects it ? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal ; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself ; but were I known to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general ; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

70 *Bob.* Why thus, sir. I would select ninteen more, to myself, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution ; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have : and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto ; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they
80 could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them ; challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ;

twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

90 *E. Know.* Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an' you meet him, or the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

100 *Mat.* Faith, and Ile have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. Gods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[DOWN-RIGHT *walks over the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. Ile be hanged then if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

110 *Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

[*Re-enter* DOWN-RIGHT.]

But see, he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gipsy, or Ile thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee ; hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I
120 came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down. 'Sdeath ! you will not draw then ?

[*He beats him and disarms him.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold ! under thy favour forbear !

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you foist you ! You'le control the point, you ! Your consort is gone ; had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon
130 it other : but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself : that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir ; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven ! sure I was strooke with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. I, like enough ; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet : go, get you a surgeon. 'Slid ! an' these be your tricks, your passadas, and your mountantos, Ile none of them. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] O, manners ! that this age
140 should bring forth such creatures ! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem ! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, Ile have this cloak.

E. Know. Gods will, 'tis Down-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have tane it up as well as I ; Ile wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an' he see it ? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. I, but he shall not ha' it : Ile say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—[*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter] KITELY, WELL'-BRED, Dame KITELY, *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: Since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obs-
10 curity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. I, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

Kit. Now, God, forbid! O me! now I remember
My wife drunk to me last, and changed the cup,
20 And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscour'd!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go, fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poisoned him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean? The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Well-bred, now,
30 For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poisoned with a smile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this? For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poisoned? Am I not poisoned? how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts made you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

[BRAIN-WORM] *comes disguised like* Justice CLEMENT'S *man.*

Brai. Mr. Kitely, my master, Justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set 'hem sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas! [*Exit.*]

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brain-worm; [*Takes him aside*] but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Mary, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshal'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brain-worm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and then the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [*Exit.* BRAI.]

[*Re-enter* KITELY, *talking aside to* CASH.]

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas!
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,

That enters in my absence to thy mistress :
If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'hem, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after ; mark their looks ;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him ;
But praise his leg, or foot ; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is ; O, that's a monstrous thing !
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And, if they do but whisper, break 'hem off :
Ile bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this ?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas ?
Note if she offer but to see his band,

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee : Where is Cob, now ? Cob ! [*Exit.*]

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob : I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in ; but this Ile assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house ; mary, to what end ? I cannot altogether accuse him ; imagine you what you think convenient : but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer then that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [*Exit* CASH.] Ile after him presently : I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith I'ld return him his own, I warrant him ! [*Exit.*]

Wel. So, let 'hem go ; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true ; that's even the fault of it : for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your

beauties; and I am sure, they will abide the touch; an' they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I; and it touches me too in part. Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath
110 vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too
120 much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Mary, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see who is returned to hinder us!

[*Re-enter* KITELY.]

Kit. What villainy is this? called out on a false message!

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

This was some plot; I was not sent for.—Bridget,
Where is your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

130 *Brid.* She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dors me:
He hath discovered all unto my wife.
Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,
went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. Ile tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?
140 She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,

With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all.

[*Exit.*]

Wel. Come, he's once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time ; th' affair is worth it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—[*A Street.*

Ente] MATTHEW *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha ?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman ; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments ? and that's all.

Mat. Why so ! but what can they say of your beating ?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently ; and that's all.

10 *Mat.* I, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say ?

Bob. Tut ! I assure you, no : you shall have there your nobilis, your gentelezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood ! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance ? I was fascinated, by Jupiter ; fascinated ; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear ? is't not best to get a warrant, and
20 have him arrested and brought before Justice Clement ?

Bob. It were not amiss ; would we had it !

[*Enter* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as* FORMAL.]

Mat. Why, here comes his man ; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Down-right hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will nere be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull 'hem off. [*Withdraws.*]

Mat. Do you hear sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatcht ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Down-right?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Down-right.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [*returning.*] And here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets of the city, a serjeant: Ile appoint you one, if you please.

70 *Mat.* Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—[*The Lane before* COB'S *House.*
Enter] KNO'WELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now: Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [*within*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not
You have some guests within deserve that fear;
Ile fetch him straight.

[*Enter* TIB.]

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

10 *Know.* Go to: come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you;
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! The man is mad, I think.

[*Exit, and shuts the door.*]

[*Enter* Dame KITELY *and* CASH.]

Cash. Ho ! who keeps house here ?
Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son : Now shall I meet him straight.
Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.
20 *Cash.* Ho, goodwife !

[*Re-enter* TIB.]

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you ?
Dame K. Why woman, grieves it you to open your door ? Belike you get something to keep it shut.
Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye ?
Dame K. So strange you make it ! is not my husband here ?
Know. Her husband !
Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitely ?
Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.
Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.
30 *Tib.* Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.
Know. This is but a device to balk me withal :

[*Eneter* KITELY, *muffled in his cloak.*]

Soft, who is this ? 'tis not my son disguised ?
Dame K. [*she spies her husband come, and runs to him.*
O, sir, have I forestald your honest market,
Found your close walks ? You stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I am glad I have smokt you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow ? In, come, let's see her ;
Fetch forth your huswife, dame ; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, then myself,
40 Ile be content with it ; but she is change,
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well ! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir ! O, you trecher ?
Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence !
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts ?
And would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me ?
O, old incontinent, [*to* KNO'WELL] dost not thou shame

50 When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pandar here,
[*By* THOMAS
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?
Know. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.
Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?
60 *Kit.* Well, good wife ba'd, Cob's wife, and you.
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;
Ile ha' you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Know. Mary, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
70 *Dame K.* Go! to thy shame, believe it.

[*Enter* COB.]

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?
Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And i' thy house; never was man so wronged!
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely! who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Mary, young lust in old, and old in young here: Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'hem.
Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd thither? Did I charge you to keep your doors shut, Is'bel?
80 and do you let 'hem lie open for all comers!
[*He falls upon his wife and beats her.*
Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.
This 's madness in thee.
Cob. Why, is there no cause?
Kit. Yes, Ile shew cause before the justice, Cob:
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. Ile see an' you may be allowed to make a bundle o' hemp of your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldly knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?

90 *Kit.* A bitter quean! Come, we'll ha' you tamed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—[*A Street.*]

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as a city Serjeant.*]

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo, by this exploit; pray heaven I come well off!

[*Enter* MATTHEW and BOBADILL.]

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

10 *Bob.* Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! are you not here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

[*Enter* STEPHEN *in* DOWN-RIGHT'S *cloak.*]

20 Brai. Master Down-right, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Down-right. I; I am Master Stephen: you do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you, heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us ; but see, here a' comes indeed : this is he, officer.

[*Enter* DOWN-RIGHT.]

Down. Why, how now, signor gull ! are you turned filcher of late ? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir ! I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Down-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen ? these rascals !

[*Offers to beat them.*]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer ?

Bria. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir ; I will use you kindly sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, capatin.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven !

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.]

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak ?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and Ile keep it.

Down. You will ?

Step. I, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me ! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, Ile none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, Ile go with thee to the justice's ; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak ? what would you have ?

Down. Ile ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, Ile take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. Ile ha' no words taken : bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time ; but you shall not now, varlet : bring him along, or Ile swinge you.

60 *Brai.* Sir, I pity the gentleman's case : here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money ; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado ?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't. [*Aside.*]

Step. Must I go ?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me here ; I do not love your hang-
70 ing look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it : can he, fellow ?

Brai. I think not, sir ; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—[Coleman Street. *A Hall in Justice* CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter] CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, Dame KITELY TIB, CASH, COB, *and Servants.*]

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave : my chair, sirrah. You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son ?

Know. I, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither ?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he ?

Know. Nay, I know not now ; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk ! about what time was this ?

10 *Know.* Mary, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely ?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good ; but, Mistress Kitely, how [chance] that you were at Cob's, ha ?

Dame. K. An' please you, sir, Ile tell you : my brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks ; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

20 *Clem.* No matter so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir ; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely : but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected ?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Mary, that did my brother Well-bred.

30 *Clem.* How, Well-bred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Well-bred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, and't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

[*Enter a* Servant.]

How, now, sir, what's the matter?

40 *Serv.* Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! take down my armor, my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on. [He *arms himself.*] Hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon—— Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant.*]

[*Enter*] BOBADILL, [*followed by*] MATTHEW.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

SCENE II.—[*The Same.*]

Bob. By your worship's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Down-right, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of

quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honor, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

[*Re-enter* Servant.]

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture.

[*Enter* DOWN-RIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before.*]

What, Master Down-right! are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

SCENE III.—[*The Same.*]

Down. I' faith, sir: and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Kno'well?

Know. I, sir: this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it erewhile.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. I, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so : where had you it ?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well ! an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'hem ! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it ?

Brai. No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Down-right, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant ?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No ! how then ?

Down. Mary, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir ? He must serve it ! Give me my long sword there, and help me off ; so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha ; [BRAIN-WORM *kneels*]. Nay, stand up, Ile use you kindly ; I must cut off your legs, I say.

[*He flourishes over him with his long sword.*

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you ; nay, good Master Justice !

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy ; I must cut off your legs, sirrha, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it ; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship !

Clem. Well, rise ; how dost thou do now ? dost thou feel thyself well ? hast thou no harm ?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so ! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head ; but I did not do it : so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say must, sirrha ! away with him to the jail ; Ile teach you a trick, for your *must,* sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail ; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for com-

mitting more then this : I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame certain.

[*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*]

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brain-worm!

Step. O, yes, uncle! Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus
60 open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That it is I have most need of: Sir, if you'll pardon me only, Ile glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me.—You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly
70 this morning for yourself: first, as Brain-worm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitely, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while Master Well-bred might make a
80 conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make 'hem; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite 'hem home.

Clem. Mary, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in

mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch 'hem hither upon my war-
90 rant. [*Exit* Servant.] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness), and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

100 *Clem.* And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't—How now, what noise is that?

[*Enter* Servant.]

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.
Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

[*Enter* FORMAL, *in a suit of armour.*] . .

What? drunk in arms, against me? your reason, your reason
110 for this?

SCENE IV.—[*The Same.*]

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him, but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. And't please you, sir, it hung up i' the room where I was stript; and I borrowed it of one o' the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

[*Enter* E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, *and* BRIDGET.]

10 Who be these? O, the young company, welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest you forsake my roof.

SCENE V.—[*The Same.*]

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at
10 extempore.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse: please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[*They search* MATTHEW'S *pockets.*]

Wel. You must not deny the queen's Justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in 's hose let 's see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*]

'*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face.*

20 *Runs this poor river, charged with streams of eyes.*'

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder then it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [*Sets the paper on fire.*] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory

shines! brighter and brighter still it increases! O, now it is at the highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic*
30 *transit gloria mundi!*

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, then a sheriff. Mr. Kitely, you look upon me!—though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, then I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars, these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

40 *E. Know.* Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, the picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till midnight.) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may play there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

50 *Step.* And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give Mr. Down-right his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'hem so.

Step. Ile do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

60 *Tib.* And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, Mr. Down-right, your anger; your, Master Kno'well, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse then o' the head,

Kill. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart:—
See what a drove of horns fly in the air.
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!
70 Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that think th' have none at all!
O' what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.'
I ha' learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'its well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their
80 reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES

Dramatis Personæ :—

Will. Shakespeare etc. This list of *Dramatis Personæ*, or Actors, is given at the end of Ben Jonson's collected edition of his plays in 1616. The names here cited show what persons took part in the first representation of the play. The play was first presented by Shakespeare's company. His name tops the list. Burbage was the great tragic actor in Shakespeare's Company, and part proprietor of the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres—in which Shakespeare also had a part. Burbage's father had originally promoted the dramatic company. Burbage played leading parts in many of the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson ; Kemp was the great comic actor in Shakespeare's company. Condel and Heminge brought out in 1623 the first Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. Usually the expression *Dramatis Personæ* is used with reference to the characters in a play. Ben Jonson uses it here of the Actors representing the play.

The Dedication : This dedication to Camden first appeared in print in the collected edition of Jonson's work published in 1616.

Master Camden, William Camden, (1551-1623) was one of the greatest antiquaries of the Elizabethan times. He published his *Britannia* (in Latin) in 1586. It was translated into English by Philemon Holland. The *Comden Society* founded in 1838 was named after this great antiquary. Camden was appointed Head-master of Westminster School in 1593. There Ben Jonson was one of his pupils. This is the reason why Ben Jonson dedicated this play to Camden, as a mark of gratitude to his old teacher.

Nor of my .... instructor. Cause you repentance for having supervised my studies.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Kno'well etc., It will be seen that nearly all the characters in the drama *by their very name* betray their character.

Cob, a Water-bearer, At this period, water had to be carried from the public reservoirs to private houses. This occasioned a regular trade or class of men for carrying the water.

Captain Bobadill, a Paul's man, St. Paul's Cathedral was at this period a noted resort of idlers for lounging. *Bobadill* is imitated from Plautus's "Miles Gloriosus" or "The Boastful Soldier" and has a family likeness to Shakespeare's Falstaff, without any of the latter's cleverness and humour.

The Prologue, This Prologue is, like everything written by Ben Jonson, highly satirical. It was first printed in the 1616 edition. In his conception of the proper functions of Comedy, Ben Jonson follows Aristotle. He cannot avoid flinging some of his venom upon Shakespeare.

11. 7-9. *To make a child now swaddled etc.,* For instance in Shakespeare's Perdita in *Winter's Tale* is an infant in the earlier Act of the play and exposed to die. Her marriage is the theme of the last two Acts. The complaint which Ben Jonson makes here, he repeats in his Prologue to *The Magnetic Lady.* The complaint also occurs in Sidney's *Apology for Poetry.* Steevens instanced Lyly's *Endymion,* 1588 and Flea, *Vortiger,* 1598, as illustrations in which the hero or heroine is born and married in the same play.

1. 9. *With three rusty swords,* Similar language is used by Sidney in his *Apology for Poetry.*

1. 10. *Foot and half-foot words,* This is Jonson's imitation of an expression used by Horace : *Verba sesquipedalia* (literally, *two and a half* foot words) in his *Art of Poetry.* Ben Jonson means bombastic words ; but Malone suggests that Ben Jonson refers to long compounds with hyphens.

l. 11. *Fight over York etc.,* The reference is here to the numerous plays—many now lost—on the Wars of the Roses, or the Wars of York and Lancaster. Many of the Historical Plays of Shakespeare dealt with these wars. The following is a list of these plays in chronological order :—

(1) *The First Part of King Henry VI.* [Shakespeare ?] 1592.
(2) *The First Part of The Contention betwixt the famous Houses of York and Lancaster,* 1594.
(3) *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York,* 1595.
(4) *The Tragedy of King Richard II,* 1597 (Shakespeare).
(5) *The Tragedy of King Richard III,* 1597 (Shakespeare).
(6) *The First Part of King Henry IV,* 1598.
(7) *The Second Part of King Henry IV,* 1600.

1. 12. *Tyring-house,* The room where the actors put on their costumes.

l. 14. *As other play should be,* Ben Jonson puts forth the claim here that his *comedy* is the model of what a good comedy should be, according to the laws of classical drama, following the *Unities of Time and Place,* and without any suggestion of tragic action or infusion of romance.

l. 15. *Where .... seas,* For instance, in Shakespeare's *Henry V,* the transfer of scene from England to France (viz. the siege of Harfleur) is put in the mouth of *Chorus.* In *Winter's Tale,* a similar device is used, where *Time* comes in as Chorus to indicate both change of scene to Bohemia and the lapse of sixteen years from the Third Act to the Fourth. In Heywood's *The Four Apprentices of London* the Chorus at the end of Act I wafts the audience from London to France, Italy and Ireland by successive stages of description and dumb-show.

1. 16. *Creaking throne etc.,* This happened in plays with supernatural action, when a throne or chair would descend on the stage from above to take up a god or goddess to heaven !

l. 17. *Nimble squib i.e.,* some sort of crackers or fire-works used on the stage—to produce the effect of gunpowder explosions.

l. 18. *Rolled bullet,* This was another stage practice to produce the sound of thunder by rolling a cannon ball along the floor. The old plan, says Mr. H. B. Wheatley, is still sometimes used on the stage.

l. 22. *Comedy,* It was one of the affectations of Ben Jonson to prefer spellings with diphthongs e.g. *tragœdie, aequal, poenance, Chimaera* etc.

11. 21-22. *But deeds, and language .... choose,* Ben Jonson following Horace's precepts in the *Art of Poetry* states here what the subject matter of comedy should be according to classical

ideas. It should be a comedy of manners—realistic in its method —reproducing the language and manners of the time.

1. 23. *Image of the times,* In *Every Man Out of His Humour,* Ben Jonson quotes Cicero's definition of comedy, viz that it is *Imitatio vitae, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis* i.e. "an imitation of life, mirror of society, and image of truth."

1. 24. *Sport with human follies, not with crimes,* This is an important distinction about comic action made by Horace and Aristotle (*Poetics V.*) Crime would be relegated by them to the domain of tragedy. This distinction is on the whole true of the classical comedy of Plautus and Terence and of Diphilus, Menander and other Greeks—whose plays are no longer extant—whom the Latin comedians imitated or adapted, and even translated in their comedies. Sidney wrote in his *Apology* : "Comedy is an imitation of the common *errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort,* that may be." The romantic comedy of Shakespeare, Fletcher and others dealt more often with *crime,* and brought about the happy end through repentance, e.g. in *As You Like It, Winter's Tale, The Tempest, etc.,* though crime more naturally ends in tragedy as in *Macbeth, King Lear, Hamlet* etc. . . . .Ben Jonson violates his own precept in *Volpone,* which certainly deals not with follies but with *crime.*

ACT I, SCENE I

This scene sets the comedy going. At the outset we come across Brainworm, the arch-plotter of the play, and Master Stephen, the country gull, whose folly, (along with that of Master Matthew, the town gull and Bobadill, the boastful soldier and impostor) contributes to the mirth of the play. The comic action is started with a letter for young Knowell falling into the hands of his father, who scents an intrigue and fears his son, who has been brought up as a scholar, has fallen into bad company. Throughout the play the scene is in London. It begins with Knowell's house and changes to Kitely's house and Cob's house and ends with Clement's house.

N. B.—The following explanations should be borne in mind, to prevent *repetition.* In Ben Jonson's text *then* is constantly

used in the sense of *than*. Secondly, *an* or *and* or *an if* is often used in the sense of *if*. These expressions are used so often in the sense indicated that it will be impossible to explain them every time, though in the commencement of these Notes, they will be explained once or twice. The student should be prepared to take *then* (Old Instrumental case of A. S. *Thaet* or *that*) in the sense of *than* and *an* or *and* in the sense of *if*.

1. 1. *Toward*, i.e. coming on.

1. 1. *From the one vain course*, i.e. from the pursuit of poetry, which the old man considers to be a vanity, though he confesses he was once given to it.

1. 14. *Both our Universities*, i.e. Oxford and Cambridge. Ben Jonson himself was an honorary M. A. both of Oxford and Cambridge.

1. 18. *Myself was once a student*, This line seems like a parody of a line in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* spoken by Jeronimo. Ben Jonson himself had played the part of Jeronimo in Kyd's play.

1. 30. *Coz*, Cousin, as often in Shakespeare.

1. 35. *Afore*, Before (as frequent in Elizabethan *colloquial* usage).

ll. 35, 36. *An' he have ere*, If he have here.

1. 36. *Hawking and hunting*, Fashionable pastimes in the Middle Ages and *affected* by the country gentry of the Elizabethan times. Stephen wants to set up for a fashionable gentleman and wishes to post himself in these "sciences"—thus exposing himself to ridicule. There were many books on the subject by Gervase Markham and others.

l. 40. *No wusse*, (Interjection !) No, I trow ; no, I trust ; no certainly. [*Wusse* is the Old English adjective *gewis*, "True," which came to be used *adverbially*.]

1. 40. *Against next year*, So as to be ready for hawking etc. next year.

1. 41. *Hood and bells*, The tamed hawk used in hunting had its eyes closed under a hood, with a strap (called *jess*) and bells about its feet. These were removed when the hawk was to be sent up to attack a bird. The hawk came back again to have its hood put on, as it could not bear sunlight, being accustomed to have the hood upon its eyes.

1. 45. *An' a man,* If a man.

1. 45. *Hunting-languages,* The technical terms used in hawking and hunting.

1. 47 *More studied then the Greek,* More studied *than* the Greek.

1. 48 *By gads-lid,* i.e. by god's *lids* i.e. by the lids of Christ—, or as we might say, "by heaven !" At first an oath, it became a mere exclamation. Similar oath were *'sblood, 'swounds,* (= *zounds !*) etc.

1. 49. *Scroyles !,* Scoundrels ; scabs.

l. 51. *Hogsden,* Hoxton, then a country village outside London, but now a part of London. It was at Hoxton that Ben Jonson killed his fellow-actor Gabriel Spencer in a duel, soon after the first performance of *Every Man in His Humour.*

1. 51. *I shall keep company with none etc.,* Do you think that I should keep company with none but etc. ?

1. 51. *Hogsden,* Hoxton, a village-town then outside London.

1. 52. *Arches of Finsbury,* Finsbury Manor, north of Moorfields, London, had been converted into a practice-ground for archery. In Ben Jonson's days, Archery was useless in war, but it was continued as a sport by the peasantry and the country gentry.

ll. 52-57. *Ducking . . . . ponds,* Duck hunting by means of dogs. Islington was then a village town outside London.

1. 53. *I' faith,* In faith ; truly !

l. 53. *S'lid, God's* lid ! (A common oath—same as *godslid* above.)

1. 53. *Mun show himself,* Must show himself.

1. 56. *Go to,* Expression of contempt, common in Shakespeare.

1. 59. *Enow,* Enough.

1. 61. *Kite,* Because the *Hawk* is after all a species of kite.

l. 63. *O, it's comely !* Spoken ironically.

1. 65. *Reclaim,* Reformation.

1. 66. *Look another way,* Try to get away.

1. 69. *Practise how to thrive,* Practise thrift.

1. 71. *Bauble,* Tinsel.

l. 71. *Phancy.* Fancy.

11. 75-76. *Till men's .... rank,* Till a genuine regard for you and your merit should induce people to give you your proper position in society.

l. 77. *Respectless,* Careless.

11. 79-80. *Melt away .... bravery,* Squander your resources in purchasing gaudy apparel. Note the use of *bravery* in this peculiar sense. The word suggests the ideas of *showiness* and *boastfulness.*

l. 81. *Make .... world,* Make a boastful display of your gentlemanliness by a parade of fashionable clothes.

1. 83. *Unsavoury snuff,* Part of the candle-wick charred by the flame and giving out a foul smell.

1. 88. *As you may .... still,* So that you may always live in affluence same as now.

1. 91. *From dead .... bones,* This sort of gentlemanliness is derived from one's ancestors—it has no basis in one's own merit.

1. 97. *Except .... hold it,* Except in so far as you win the position by your own inward qualities.

1. 92. *Who comes here ?* He sees the servant before the latter comes on the stage.

SCENCE II

[*N. B.*—Modern editors often treat this scene as a pure continuation of Scene I.]

1. 4. *Middlesex land,* This would be dearer in price as being close to London and even part of London.

l. 5. *The common law,* The common law of England, as opposed to statutory law, as well as equity law.

11. 6-7. *If my cousin .... he will,* These words show what a fool Stephen is and how much wanting in a true sense of gentlemanly delicacy. In presence of Mr. Knowell, he openly speculates upon the chances of the death of Knowell's son in which case he will be his next heir.

1. 7. *Living,* Estate.

1. 9. *In good time,* In due or proper time. In Jonson's time this was only a formula of polite acquiescence.

1. 10. *In good .... why,* He supposes the servant to imply that the estate (the "pretty living") will come to him *in good time* in a sarcastic or ironical manner.

1. 11. *Flout,* Talk mockingly.

1. 13. *You were not best,* It will be best for you not to. (The construction is really *Impersonal.*)

1. 13. *An you should,* If you should.

1. 14. *Here be them that can perceive it,* Here are shrewd persons like me who know well what jeering or mockery is.

1. 15. *Can give it .... too,* Can return jeering for jeering.

l. 18. *I would talk with you,* (He insinuates somehing more than *talking*) I would give you a bit of my mind ; I would slap you, or fight with you.

1. 19. *Presently,* Immediately.

1. 24. *Stand upon,* Insist upon.

l. 28. *Peremptory gull,* Absolute fool.

1. 33. *Huff it,* Go on bullying ; swagger in a petulant way.

1. 33. *Carriage,* Behaviour.

l. 37. *I pray,* The first folio reads " I pray *you* ". The second omits ***you.***

1. 38. *Yes, mary,* Yes, marry i.e. yes, by Mary i.e. by our Lady. (A common Elizabethan oath.)

1. 41. *I should forget myself,* i.e. not to know my son is equal to forgetting myself .

1. 42. *Cry you mercy,* Beg your pardon.

l. 45. *Pray you remembers....courtesy,* Be covered ; put on your hat.

1. 53. *Old Jewry,* This name of a particular part of London was a historical survival. The Jews had once lived there. In Cromwell's time, the recalled Jews lived in Aldgate.

l. 63. *My son's praises,* i.e., my son's praise of Well-bred.

1. 66. *Ned,* Colloquial for *Edward.*

1. 69. *Frippery,* Old-clothes shop.

1. 74. *An I had .... labour.* If I had been his son, *I would have saved* him the labour.

1. 76. *Our Turkey company,* An English trading company constituted for carrying on trade in the Levant, 1581, and generally called "The Levant Company." It traded under a special charter from Queen Elizabeth. Records of presents to the Sultan of Turkey can be seen in Hakluyt's *Voyages.* Queen Elizabeth herself sent presents to the Turkish Sultan and his chief wife. In 1605,

the Levant Company was re-constituted. *The Grand Signior*, The Sultan of Turkey. In official correspondence, the Sultan was referred to with this title.

1. 77. *One is rimer, Sir,* The reference is to the town-gull Matthew who specialised in poetry to show his wit !

ll. 77-79. *O' your own batch, your own leaven,* Of your own quality and profession, viz., rhyming. *Batch* and *Leaven* contain the same metaphor. *Batch* is literally "the quantity of bread baked at one operation" and "leaven" was used in baking. The meaning implied here is the same *stuff and substance.* Matthew is a rhymester—a fellow of the same stuff as Edward Knowell—but spoken in a sarcastic way—since Matthew was merely a fool.

l. 78. *Poet-major of the town,* Leading poet of the town : This is supposed to be a satirical hit at the hack dramatist and poet-aster, A. Munday.

1. 81. *Make hither with an appetite,* Come here with zest.

Draw your bill of charges, Present your bill for the expenses of the journey.

As unconscionable as, As unreasonable or enormous as.

Guildhall verdict, The verdict of any London magistrate. The verdicts of the jury in the Lord Mayor's court in the Guildhall were the subject of many complaints. They would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain ! Not only the London Juries, but Middlesex juries generally had become notorious.

1. 84. *Viaticum,* (Latin) Expenses for a journey.

1. 85. *The Wind-mill,* Originally a Jewish synagogue, then a friary chapel, the a private house. Finally it became a tavern and had the sign of a Wind-mill : Old Knowell naturally takes Welbred's letter as being written at a tavern but in his opinion, it might as well have come from a brothel.

1. 86. *Bordello,* Brothel ; house of ill fame.

1. 87. *Spittle,* Corrupt form of *Hospital,* especially for foul diseases.

1. 87. *Pict-hatch,* A notorious haunt of prostitutes in Clerken well behind Rotten Row.

1. 88. *The times hath etc.,* Notice the plural form (obsolete) "hath."

1. 90. *In the arts,* i.e. in the literal arts.

1. 91. *In the schools* i.e. in philosophy.

1. 97. *Tell,* Number.

1. 98. *Play .... dragon,* Watch my fruit as vigilantly as the dragon that guarded the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. The Hesperides were three sisters in charge of this wonderful orchard somewhere in the Atlantic. It was one of the labours of Hercules to fetch these apples for his uncle.

1. 101. *Tane,* Taken.

ll. 104-108. *Affection .. father,* It is not given to man to love and to be wise at the same time. Even a venerable old father is subject to ridicule.

1. 119. *In kind,* In the case of high-spirited persons.

l. 120. *Generous,* (Latin : *generosus*) Well-bred.

1. 124-129. *There is a way of winning etc.,* Whalley notes that these lines are adapted from Terence's *Adelphi* 57-58 and 69-75.

1. 125. *Force works .... free,* A sententious observation.

1. 127. *But for that fit,* For that time only.

ll. 129-130. *Then if .... shame,* Notice the rhyming couplet at the end of the speech marking also the end of the scene. (*The same they should* = The same thing *which* they should etc.)

SCENE III

[*N. B.*—In later editions this Scene is often numbered as Scene II. the first two going to form one long connected scene.]

1. 2. *Contents,* Pleases.

1. 22. *Horson,* or whoreson, a term of abuse.

1. 22. *Scanderbag rogue,* Scandalous rascal. "Scanderbag" is the name which the Turks in allusion to Alexander the Great ("Shikander") gave to the Albanian chief Castriot, with whom they had continuous wars. His life had been translated into English in 1598.

1. 26. *The spite on't,* The curse of it.

1. 27. *A fine wisp etc.,* This was a rustic practice to tie up wisps of hay for want of boots in riding.

1. 28. *No boot,* Note the pun : (1) that's not the proper *boot* for riding and (2) that is bootless or unprofitable.

1. 29. *Truss me a little,* i.e. tie the tagged laces or "points" which fastened the breeches to the doublets.

1. 31. *When you are trussed,* (Pun) When you are beaten (*Trussed* is used in its two senses.)

1. 32. *Till you be cold,* Till your anger cools down by exposure to the cold.

1. 36. *Woollen stocking,* In summer time especially *silk* hose rather than *woollen* would be the fashion.

1. 40. *I think my leg .... hose,* Cf : Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night* I, 3, 126-128, where Andrew Aguecheek fancies the look of his own leg in a coloured stocking.

1. 43. *In sadness,* Seriously ; in sober seriousness.

1. 47. *Gramercy,* (French *grande merci*) Great thanks.

1. 50. *'Slid,* God's lid (An oath).

ll. 53-54. *That make .... epistles,* That treat him as a wandering seller of fruit. Note Jonson's spelling "costar-monger" for "coster-monger."

1. 55. *Troll,* Sing loudly.

l. 55. *Master John Trundle,* A publisher of ballads in Ben Jonson's time, about 1603 to 1626. He was also a publisher of books, being one of the two joint publishers of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's *Hamlet.*

1. 56. *The rest .... mortality,* For the rest of my life.

1. 58. *Physic,* Purge.

1. 62. *My wise cousin* ! Ironical.

1. 63. *The mess,* Four persons at a dinner made a "mess". There were two fools already provided by Well-bred and Stephen would make a third and a piece of good fortune might supply a fourth.

1. 84. *More gate,* or Moorgate, a postern gate in the City wall near Colman Street.

1. 88-89. *I protest,* This seems to have been one of the affected expressions in fashion with the courtiers and the gentry of the time. The meaning is "state or assert something solemnly."

l. 90. *By my fackins,* An oath—perhaps meaning "by my faith", but the meaning was disguised by change of form.

1. 93. *I speak to serve my turn,* I speak only for the occasion's sake, not sincerely !

l. 96. *Of your sort,* Of your rank or position.

Talk of your turn, A water-bearer (like Cob) would use similar language about serving or fulfilling his "turn" in carrying water ! (Cf. Cob's speech in Act I Scene IV, 1. 55, where he speaks of carrying "two twins.") But a gentleman like Stephen should not use such language—that is what Edward Knowell tells him.

1. 97. *Like a tankard-bearer etc.,* Like a water-bearer, (i.e. like Cob, the water-bearer in this play.) Water-bearers supplied the inhabitants of the city with water from the public conduits. Water had to be fetched from these conduits to each house separately.

1. 98. *Conduit,* Fountain of water for public use.

ll. 98-106. *A wight that etc.,* The whole speech is ironical.

l. 101. *Tin-foiled by nature,* What could be more sarcastic than this expression that Nature's qualities in Stephen are like the superficial silvering of pawter by a tinker !

1. 102. *Again' a good time,* In readiness for a time of display ; in preparation for a festival.

1. 105. *Millaner's wife,* A milliner was originally an *importer,* and later on a *seller,* of *Milan* goods, and the word was originally masculine. Nowadays, the word is generally used of a female vendor of silks and articles of female wear.

l. 106. *Smoky lawn,* Lawn was usually *white.*

1. 106. *Black cypres,* Linen crape, a transparent wearing material.

ll. 107-108. *Drake's .... again,* Francis Drake's ship, *The Golden Hind,* had been laid up at Deptford by order of Queen Elizabeth, who had visited it and dined there and knighted Drake on board the ship. People visited the ship at Deptford as a holiday resort : "Circle the world" has reference to the circumnavigation of the globe by Drake in the *Golden Hind* in 1577—1580. Drake was born at Plymouth in 1545 and died in 1596 in the West Indies.

l. 11. *The idea,* Used in the Platonic sense of *Archetype* or the most perfect form or pattern.

1. 111. *Physnomy,* Countenance.

1. 116. *Ensure,* Assure.

l. 119. *For a suburb humour,* For the eccentric type of a country gull.

l. 119. *Match with the city,* Balance him as a contrast to the city gull (viz. Matthew.)

1. 120. *Play .... pounds,* Bet forty pounds on the chance of his excelling the city gull.

1. 123. *Show me,* i.e. show me the way.

SCENE IV

1. 1. *What, hough !* What, ho !

1. 6. *My lineage,* My ancestors.

1. 16. *By the harrot's book,* According to the genealogical record kept by the college of heralds appointed by the King. (The pedigrees of the nobility and knights were thus registered in the books of the king's herald, down from the days of chivalry and the Middle Ages. But sometimes these heralds kept fabricated pedigrees, which Ben Jonson is glancing at here. "Harrot" is vulgar for "Herald.")

11. 11-12. *Herring the King of fish,* This fanciful idea was first expressed by Nashe in one of his pamphlets.

1. 16. *His cob,* His young herring i.e. his son—the son of the herring eaten by Adam and Eve—was his remote ancestor ! "Cob" is literally the head of a herring.

1. 28. *Rasher Bacon,* Matthew thinks by "Rasher Bacon", Cob means Roger Bacon, (1214-1292)), the monk and Franciscan friar and professor of Mathematics and Natural Science at Oxford. He was accused of magical practices and confined to his cell and a false tradition arose that he was burnt alive by order of the Church, to which Cob seems to refer in 1. 29. Cob maintains he refers to *Rasher* (not *Roger* Bacon) though both were broiled over a fire !

1. 31. *Upsolve,* (Seems a *vulgarism*) Clear up.

1. 48. *Nere cast,* Never *cast.* In "cast" there is a quibble upon the two meanings of (1) casting dice as in gambling and (2) vomiting after being dead drunk,—both these actions being the principal accomplishments of the egregious Captain Bobadill. Here the meaning is rather "vomit".

1. 49. *Then he has done,* Than he has done.

1. 51. *Swallowed a tavern—token,* Swallowed a half-penny worth of liquor or perhaps a token coin. The reference is to *tokens*

issued by victuallers and tradesmen generally in lieu of small change, (as in the present war time we find done by sundry dealers in India, especially in buses and trams.)

1. 54. *God b' w' you,* God bless you ! (He bids him good-bye with these words.)

1. 55. *Carried two turns,* i.e., made two trips with his tankard of water from the conduit to the residence of his employers.

1. 55. *My stopple,* My stopper. (That which closes the mouth of a vessel.)

1. 58. *Havings,* Means : possessions.

1. 60. *An my house . . . . now,* If my house were the Brazen-head ! This is again an allusion to the various legends about the magical powers of Roger Bacon, referred to in ll. 28-29 above. It is also found in Greene's play : *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.* Friar Bacon was believed by his magic to have made a Head of Brass which could speak. In Greene's play, the Brass Head speaks the portentous word : "Time *is,* Time *was,* Time *shall be*" and explodes. Here Cob imagines the Brass Head to utter the words : "More fools yet !" Friar Bacon was supposed not only to have created a Brass Head that spoke, but also to have planned surrounding England with a wall of brass !

1. 61. *Mo'* ; more.

1. 63. *Worshipful fishmonger,* A member of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers i.e. the guild of fishermen.

1. 65. *Such as my guest is,* i.e., Captain Bobadill, who is Cob's guest.

1. 66. *Flout,* Treat him with contempt.

1. 70. *Calls her mistress,* i.e. his lady-love.

1. 72. *Poetry,* The Quarto spells "Poyetry," which is Cob's own pronunciation of the word,—a survival of an older form.

1. 72. *Interludes,* Short pieces of music etc. performed between the acts of a play.

1. 74. *Ti—he,* Titter ; giggle.

1. 75. *By the foot of Pharaoh !,* Cob uses one of Bobadill's favourite oaths by way of parody. *Pharaoh* is the ancient title of the Kings of Egypt, as mentioned in the Bible about the times of Joseph and Moses.

1. 75. *There's an oath*, Well that's a wonderfully original oath ! It would seem that the gallants of the Elizabethan period specialised in the originality of their oaths.

1. 77. *The legiblest*, In the most clear terms (Rather a strange word to use, but it is Cob speaking, and *legible* may be a malapropism for *intelligible*.) In Jonson's *The Case is Altered* V, 6, we have the phrase : "Speak legibly."

1. 82. *Tonnels*, Nostrils. (Literally : *tunnels*).

1. 84. *The next action*, The next term ; time when the courts open.

1. 85. *Helter skelter etc.*, In hurry and confusion. Cob is of course talking nonsense, adopting words from the popular farces.

1. 85. *Care'll kill a cat*, This was a popular old proverb. Cats had proverbially long lives, but care will cut short even their vitality.

1. 85. *Up-tails all*, Words from the refrain of an old song. Cats when pleased turn up their tails. (The general sense of it all is "Let us all be jolly, for care will kill a cat etc.")

1. 86. *A louse for the hangman*, Let the hangman go *lousy*.

SCENE V

[In later editions, Scene IV.]

1. 9. *Bason*, Basin.

1. 19. *By a sort of gallants*, By a company of gallants (Sort = company ; lot.)

1. 21. *Vouchsafe*, Ben Jonson ridicules the use of this word. It was very much in fashion with the gallants and used on all sorts of occasions—one of "the perfumed terms" of the day.

1. 29. *You have an exceeding fine lodging here*, Note the hypocrisy of the man, or rather the sudden change in his opinion, as stated in Matthew's conversation with Cob in the last scene, 11. 57-58.

1. 31. *Possess*, Inform.

1. 35. *But in regard etc.*, But only from the point of view of the fact that I don't wish to be bothered with much company here.

1. 37. *Conceive*, Understand.

1. 40. *Engaged*, Attached.

1. 42. *I resolve so*, I understand in that light (This is an affected use of the word resolve like *vouchsafe* in 1. 21 above.)

1. 45. *Go by, Hieronymo,* A phrase in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* which passed into current slang. The line occurs in Act IV of the play in these words (Hieronymo himself being the speaker) : —"Not I, Hieronymo, beware, go by, go by." The phrase came to signify impatience of any thing disagreeable, or inconvenient and the line was quoted or parodied over and over again by the contemporary dramatists, Dekker, Middleton, Ben Jonson etc. Jonson uses the words again in one of his latest plays : *The New Inn,* II, 5, 82. Hieronymo was the most important character in Thomas Kyd's play *The Spanish Tragedy,* which runs into two parts, viz., (1) *Hieronymo* and (2) *Hieronymo is Mad Again.* The quotation is from the latter part.

11. 47-48. *I would fain see etc.,* This is a "gallant's" opinion of the contemporary Drama of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Fletcher etc. To the conceited ignoramus that the "gallant" was, nothing could equal the rant and blood and fury of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* (Ben Jonson is here laughing at this over-valuation of Kyd.) It is a piece of ironical satire, though Gifford thought that Ben Jonson might be paying an indirect compliment to himself, as he is said to have lent a hand in improving *The Spanish Tragedy.*

1. 51. *Again,* The use of this word is rather puzzling, but it serves to round off the sentence with a cry of impatience.

1. 53. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains etc.,* Ben Jonson is laughing at Kyd's empty rhetoric and bad taste. The line *O eyes, no eyes etc.* occurs in *The Spanish Tragedy,* Part I, Act III, Sc. II. The lines are representative of the extravagance of fashionable poetry which Ben Jonson never wearies of ridiculing.

1. 54. *O life, no life etc.,* Cf. note to 1. 53 above.

1. 54 *Conceit,* Witty turn of thought.

1 55. *O world, no world etc.,* All these quotations are from Act III of *Hieronymo.*

1. 56. *Confused and filled etc.,* Quoted from Act III of *Hieronymo* (i.e. Part I of *The Spanish Tragedy.*)

1. 66. *Haste made the waste,* A sort of proverbial expression.

1. 68. *Nonage,* Minority i.e., apprenticeship to the poetical art.

1. 71. *That boot becomes etc.,* The boot of the man of fashion or "gallant" of the day had artificial arrangements, creasings etc.

l. 75. *Are fallen out,* Have quarrelled.

l. 76. *Hapned,* Happened.

l. 77. *Hanger,* The loop or side-strap in a sword-belt from which the sword was hung. These hangers, in the case of the man of fashion, were often embroidered.

l. 78. *Peremptory beautiful,* (Cf. Act I, Scene II, l. 28 above —"peremptory gull") Absolutely beautiful.

l. 79. *For the most pyed,* As the most spotted or streaked.

l. 82. *I, sir,* Ay, sir.

l. 83. *Rook,* Simpleton ; gull.

l. 84. *Malt-horse,* A dray horse, used as a term of reproach.

l. 84. *S. George,* St. George.

l. 86. *Holden,* Considered.

l. 89. *Nere,* Never.

l. 92. *Hob-nails,* Thick-headed nails for shoes.

l. 94. *Bastindo,* (*Spanish*) Sound thrashing (literally beating on the soles of the feet, common mode of punishment in Mahomedan countries.)

l. 98. *For my more grace,* To do me more honour.

l. 106. *Chartel,* Challenge.

l. 107. *Sufficient dependence,* Sufficient cause for a duel to depend upon.

l. 108. *Caranza,* Jarome Carranza, a Spaniard, author of the *Philosophy of Arms,* a book describing the laws and etiquette of duelling. The book was first published in 1569.

l. 108. *Stoccata,* (Spanish word) Thrust.

l. 110. *Mystery,* Art ; craft.

l. 112. *Of whom,* From whom.

l. 113. *Spoken of diverse,* Spoken by diverse men.

l. 114. *Un-in-one-breath-utter-able,* (Note this long compound adjective framed by Jonson on the analogy of the similar style of speech of the Boastful Soldier in Plautus's famous comedy : *Miles Gloriosus.*) Not to be described in one breath.

l. 116. *Time, distance etc.,* The observance of proper time and distance for attack and defence in fencing.

l. 117. *For noblemen . . . . use* i.e., to teach noblemen and gentlemen.

l 118. *Accommodate*, One of the "perfumed words" of the time mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*. He brands it as an affection. It is used here in the sense of "provide" or "supply."

l. 119. *Bed-staff*, staff or rod for beating up the mattresses, pillows etc.

l. 120. *The words of action*, viz : the word "accommodate." She understood the word "lend" all right. She could not follow Bobadill's duel jargon or "words of action."

l. 122. *Ponyard*, Poniard.

l. 124. *Twine*, Twist.

l. 125. *Guard*, Attitude of defence.

l. 125. *So indifferent*, That is passable—neither good, nor bad.

l. 128. *Disorder your point*, Disturb the position of the point of your poniard (i.e. the bed-staff !)

l. 131. *Pass upon you*, Pierce you ; thrust at you.

l. 132. *Pass upon me*, (A pun is meant here. Matthew takes "pass upon" in the sense of *cheating*), Cheat me ? Impose upon me ?

ll. 134-135. *Came in . . . . career at the body*, As Bobadill says these words, we have to understand that Bobadill expounds the words in action.

l. 135. *Career*, Lunge.

l. 136. *Passada*, (*Spanish*) Forward thrust while the fencer advances one foot.

ll. 139-140. *Why you do not etc.*, The cowardly Bobadill does not really want to risk it with Matthew and makes an excuse on the ground of Matthew's clumsiness !

l. 142. *But one venue, sir*, Let us have only one bout, sir. *Venue* is a bout ending in a thrust. It also means a thrust.

l. 143. *Venue ! fie etc.*, *Venue* is not the right word. The fashionable word is "stoccata" ! *Venue* is a French word which had gone out of fashion and the Spanish word had become the word of fashion !

l. 146. *Have a bit*, i.e. of food. Bobadill will feed himself at Matthew's expense !

l. 147. *Breath you*, Give you exercise—try your breath, put you out of your breath.

l. 149. *Learn you*, Teach you.

l. 152. *'Twere,* It would be.

l. 153. *Hail-shot,* A shower of shots like hail (small shots scattered like hail).

l. 156. *'Tis somewhat with the Cast,* It will do, though it be small.

l. 158. *Tabacco,* (Note the spelling and compare the *Hindi* word) Tobacco.

l. 159. *The Corydon has brother,* viz : Master Downright, The word "Corydon" was used of any country swain or bumpkin. Downright was step-brother to Wellbred.

l. 160. *Put him to the question,* Test his valour.

ACT II, SCENE I

This Scene is placed in a hall in Kitely's house, i.e. a room in Kitely's house in the Old Jewry. The purpose of the scene is to show the beginnings of jealousy in the mind of a virtuous husband about a virtuous wife of the respectable middle class in London Society in the times of Ben Jonson. The jealousy is part of the "humour" or temperament of Kitely and he gives free vent to it, misconstruing the most innocent actions of Mrs. Kitely and his sister Bridget. Well-bred's admitting all sorts of company—a company of fools and fops—adds fuel to this flame of jealousy, which has for some time been smouldering, and is now about to blaze forth with fury. The Old Jewry where Kitely's house lay was a street running north of Cheapside where once was the Jewish quarter in London.

l. 6. *Tell over,* Count.

l. 7. *Pieces of eight,* Spanish coins each equal to eight *reals,* or about eight shillings and six pence in English currency.

l. 10. *Grograns,* Coarse woollen cloth, ribbed with silk. The usual spelling is "Grogram."

l. 11. *The Exchange,* The Royal Exchange, where Kitely and other merchants resorted to on business. But it was also a favourite lounge for idlers, like St. Paul's. The idlers went there to see—and be seen.

ll. 15 etc., *He is a jewell etc.,* This speech of Kitely in the folio text is an amplification of four lines of prose in the Quarto edition.

l. 18. *Bred him at the Hospital,* This was Christ's Hospital

or the Blue-coat School (so called from the uniform of the boys). It began originally as a Foundling Hospital. Lamb and Coleridge, as we learn from the Essays of Elia were educated at this school. In the beginning only foundlings were admitted under order of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London.

l. 19 *A toward imp,* A forward child ; a promising child. (Notice this use of *toward* as an adjective.)

l. 32. *What need this circumstance* ? Why this beating about the bush ? Why don't you come directly to the point ? Why this roundabout approach ?

l. 58. *Stale himself,* Make himself cheap.

l. 67. *'Sdeyns,* (An oath) By God's "dines" i.e., by God's dignity or honour.

l. 70. *He values me . . . . hence,* i.e., he values me not at all The three farthing piece was a thin silver coin, easily worn out or cracked.

ll. 71-72. *Shoulder of mutton to a sick horse,* To him counsel is perfectly useless. (This speech of Downright is full of proverbial tags. What he says here fully justifies Bobadill's characterisation of his discourse as full of "rusty proverb" (*Vide* : Act I, Sc. 5. ll. 82-92, at page 22.)

l. 72. *For George,* Corruption of "Afore George" i.e. by St. George !

l. 73 *Ake,* Ache.

l. 74. *Your city pound, the Counters,* The city jails. There were two of these, of which one stood in the part of London called the *Poultry* and the other in Wood Street, Cheapside.

l. 76. *Claps his dish etc.,* It was an old custom for lepers and other diseased vagrants to wander about with a wooden vessel, with a moveable cover called the "clap-dish," to give to those charitably disposed warning of their necessities and infectious condition by rattling the wooden dish, so that "claps his dish at" means *begs at.*

l. 84. *With plain and easy circumstance,* Tactfully.

l. 86. *Stomach,* Ill humour ; resentment.

ll. 97-98. *Humour . ..... vapour,* The disposition of the mind was supposed by ancient physicians to depend on the 'humours" or "vapours" of the body. These were *choler, melancholy, phlegm,* and *blood* Vide INTRODUCTION.

l. 97. *Heat of humour,* Hot temper.

l. 99. *Familiars,* Associates ; companions.

l. 102. *In the fable,* During the narrative.

l. 105. *Felt cap .... shining shoes,* These were both marks of the citizen-traders as compared with the gallants or courtiers of the day. The "bonnet" or felt cap was worn by the trading classes during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary. The comic play writers were particularly satirical about the "felt cap" and "shining shoes" of the trading classes. The "shining shoes" were "*blacked* shoes."

l. 106. *Phantasies,* Fancies.

l. 118. *Quacksalvers,* Mountebanks.

l. 119. *Bills,* Advertising posters.

SCENE II

This scene lies in the same place as before, viz., at Kitely's house in the Old Jewry.

l. 4. *The time of day to you,* This was an ordinary salutation on meeting a person in the Elizabethan times.

l. 18. *And I swallow this,* If I put up with this.

l. 19. *Fleet Street,* This was the show place of London, where puppet shows, naked Indians, strange fishes etc. were being exhibited.

l. 21. *Huge tumbrel-slop of yours,* Downright ridicules Bobadill about his ridiculous breeches. What is here satirised as a "tumbrel slop" was an extravagant fashion in breeches made absurdly large by stuffing them. Bobadill was wearing these puffed breeches.

l. 20. *Howlet,* Owlet.

l. 22. *Gargantua breech,* the giant in Rabelais's story might have worn. "Gargantua" was a favourite word in Ben Jonson's days.

l. 25. *Consorts,* Associates.

l. 26. *Cavaliero,* Cavalier.

l. 26. *Right hangman cut,* In regular hangman's style.

l. 27. *And I could .... ging of them,* If I would not be but too pleased to beat the whole gang of them. "Ging" is here the same as "gang" and "swinge" meaning *beat* seems almost

to suggest *swing* in association with the term "hangman."

l. 30. *As he brews etc.*, Very common proverb—one of Downright's "rusty proverbs."

l. 31. *Tightly*, Quickly ; smartly.

l. 41. *The bell rings to breakfast*, In Elizabethan days, this would be somewhere about 7 A.M. It will be remembered that Matthew called on Bobadill at half past six and they seem to have called on Wellbred at Master Kitely's immediately afterwards.

SCENE III . .

Modern editors sometimes treat this Scene as a *continuation* of the preceding scene. This scene is also placed at Kitely's house.

l. 13. *Honest*, Chaste.

l. 16. *Make head etc.*, Gather forces against ; rebel against.

l. 17. *Single*, Unaided ; single-handed.

l. 20. *Come once to parely*, Come to terms with.

l. 20. *Pride of blood*, Passion.

l. 23. *Had answered their affection*, Had given them a suitable-opportunity to indulge their desires.

l. 34. *The rose-water*, Fruit was often served along with rose water in the Elizabethan days.

l. 38. *Good musse*, i.e., "mouse," a term of endearment—"musse" being itself an endearing form of *mouse*.

l. 39. *For a thousand angels*, Kitely means *money—not the angels in heaven*—"angel" being a current gold coin varying from six shillings eight pence to ten shillings in value.

l. 42. *My head aches extremely etc.*, This is the comic dramatist's vulgar jest about the growing of horns (as supposed in the Middle Ages) on the cuckold's forehead.

l. 45. *This new disease*, This term seems to have been used for various fevers which the doctors of the day were unable to cope with and which for years they characterised as "new". Prince Henry, eldest son of King James I died of a fever which the doctors called "the new disease."

l. 53. *Has me in the wind*, She scents my suspicions.

l. 59. *The houses of the brain*, In the current anatomy of the Elizabethan times, the ventricles of the brain were called respectively the "houses" of (1) imagination, (2) reason and (3) memory.

l. 66. *Sensive*, Sensitive.

l. 68. *Poison of suspect*, Poison of suspicion.

SCENE IV

Modern editors render this as the Second Scene of Act II, making but one scene out of those that have gone before, which have been all placed at Kitely's house. The present scene lies in Moorfields. Brainworm presents himself now before Edward Knowell and Stephen on their way to the place appointed for them to meet Wellbred, Babadill etc. Braiworm is still at his disguises and deceives Edward Knowell and induces Stephen to buy a worthless sword as a Toledo.

l. 1. *Translated*, Transformed.

l. 3. *Intolerable sort of lies*, A heavy lot of lies. (*Sort* = quantity.)

l. 4. *To a man of my coat*, To a person of my profession.

l. 5. *Ominous a fruit as the fico*, "Ominous" would be "deadly" or "fatal." Gifford supposes that Brainworm refers to the poisoned fig of Spain or Italy. It may however suggest nothing more than the contempt associated with the expression : "I don't care a fig for you." The expression : "a fig for you !" was often accompanied by an obscene gesture made by the thumb protruding between the closed fingers.

ll. 8-9. *Dry-foot over Morefields*, "Dry-foot" here means "by his scentless foot-prints, or by the scent, without the track. But there is of course a humorous allusion to the marshy character of Moorfields : No one could walk across Moorfields dry-foot. The expression is here metaphorical for "scentless" or "trackless." It is an expression from the chase. When the hound follows his quarry without the scent he was said to follow "dry-foot."

l. 11. *Blue waiters*, In Elizabethan times servants wore a blue livery.

l. 12 *We may wear motley etc.*, The end of the year will find that we have acted as fools and are fit to wear the professional

clown's dress of *motley*, i.e. of different strips or colours of cloth.

l. 13. *Who wears motley, you know,* You know very well that it is the fool that wears motley. "You" is here addressed to the audience at the theatre, which is of course not correct, but in Greek drama the chorus often addressed the audience.

l. 14. *Ambuscado,* (*Spanish*) Ambush.

l. 17. *Veni, vidi, vici . . . Caesar,* The Latin words *Veni, vidi etc.* ["I came, I saw, I conquered"] are the text of the famous laconic despatch of Julius Cæsar to the Roman Sentate reporting to them his victory at Zela in 47 B.C. over Pharnaces, son and successor or Mithridates, King of Parthia, who had overrun Roman Empire territory, taking advantage of the Civil Wars of the Roman world. Captain Cæsar is Julius Cæsar (100 B.C.—44 B.C.) the great Roman general. "Say with Captain Cæsar etc." means "I might as boastfully as the Roman Julius Cæsar say that I have scored a victory in no time."

l. 18. *I am made for ever,* My fortune is made for all time.

l. 19. *True garb,* True bearing.

l. 19. *Lance-knight,* The lowest officer in infantry in charge of ten men ; a pikeman.

l. 33. *Jet ring,* These were in fashion. Great virtues were attributed to jet in former times and beads made of jet were in request.

l. 34. *Oh, the poesie,* Poesie was an inscription in rhyme on a ring, handkerchief etc., forming a sort of motto.

l. 57. *Late wars of Bohemia etc.,* In the last quarter of the sixteenth century, just preceding Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour,* there had been continuous fighting in Bohemia, Poland, Hungary etc. The Turks were trying to conquer Hungary and Transylvania.

l. 61. *Taking of Aleppo,* Aleppo was taken by the Turks in 1516.

l. 61. *Relief of Vienna,* The Turks besieged Vienna unsuccessfully in 1529.

l. 62. *Marseilles, Naples,* These cities had been besieged not long before the siege of Vienna.

l. 62. *The Adriatic Gulf,* The reference is probably to the sea-fight of Lepanto in 1571, in which John, Archduke of Austria,

signally defeated the Turks. The downfall of the Turkish power in Europe is usually dated from Lepanto.

l. 78. *Pure Toledo*, Toledo in Spain, at one time under the Moorish Kings of Spain, was famous for its sword manufactures—the reputation of Toledo swords however came down from the Roman times. It was due to the superior quality of steel made in the *Baetic* (or Guadalquiver) region of Spain.

l. 80. *I had rather it were a Spaniard*, The point of the *foolishness* of the remark lies in the ignorance of Stephen who does not know that Toledo itself is a Spanish city !

l. 86. *Higginbottom*, It is supposed that Higginbotham was a riotous fellow on the estate of the Earl of Shrewsbury at the time, but nothing certain can be said about this topical allusion.

SCENE V

Modern editors count this as Scene III of Act II. It presents Kitely in his fit of jealousy being made a fool of by the disguised Brainworm. The fine soliloquy of Kitely appears for the first time in the folio edition of the play. The scene is the same as last, viz., in Moorfields.

This speech is based chiefly on the sentiments expressed by the Latin poet Juvenal in his Satires ; especially in Satire XIII, which deals with the reverence paid in ancient times to old age. The portion in italics in ll. 36-38 is adapted from Horace.

l. 2. *Admire*, Wonder at.

ll. 14-15. *May. would . . . . children*, This is an oft-occurring experience, that the parents' hopes in their children are dashed to pieces.

l. 22. *Days of the long coat*, In childhood when infants were given long frocks to wear, often without breeches.

l. 32. *Travailed*, Travelled.

l. 34. *Grammar of cheating*, This "grammar" is detailed in the italicised lines following. Jonson drew this grammar of cheating from Horace's *Epistles*, Book I, Epistle I : "*O cives, cives etc.*", where the poet denounces the selfish teaching and materialist aims of the times, which put virtue after cash and sought a well-dowered wife to procreate children !

l. 38. *Then my lord's letter*, Than my lord's letter i.e. than any testimonials or letters of recommendation.

l. 39. *Snails or mushrooms,* These were delicacies for the epicurean gluttons of the time.

l. 42. *Ordinaries,* Eating-houses.

l. 47. *Rape,* Ravish.

l. 51. *Leystals,* Dunghills ; receptacles of filth.

l. 54. *Flesh,* Excited ; initiated.

l. 55. *Sped,* succeeded ; fared well.

l. 56. *Respect,* Heed.

l. 74. *It shall not .... time,* i.e. it shall be given with a time-limit, as a loan. There is also a hint of the idea that heaven will immediately reward him for his charity, which will make a return like bread cast upon the waters.

l. 76. *Sucked .... hills,* i.e. sold them to provide himself with food.

l. 81. *Sordid-base,* These compound adjectives are frequently used by Shakespeare.

ll. 85-90. *Having thy limbs etc.,* Many of these lines contain echoes of thoughts about a young man's possibilities of ambition in the earlier part of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona,*— sometimes the words themselves are so reminiscent of the passage in Shakespeare.

l. 92. *The beetle etc.* A particular species of beetle that breeds on dunghills is referred to here. Shakespeare calls it the "sharded beetle" in *Cymbeline* III, 3.

l. 95. *Afore me,* This is a mild oath.

l. 105. *Purchased,* Obtained.

l. 109. *Fitz-Sword,* (Literally : "son of a sword"). This is the name in the *Folio* edition. The *Quarto* gives the name as *Portensio.*

l. 121. *Bagpipe fuller,* i.e. with wind.

l. 122. *Possesst of,* Informed about.

l. 123. *Conduit,* channel.

l. 124. *Prove,* Test.

l. 125. *Abuse,* Deceive.

l. 128. *The sight of a cassock etc.,* i.e. The sight of anything of military life. The "cassock" was a soldier's loose outer coat. The "musket-rest" was a support for the musket to lie in posi-

tion before it was fired. The old musket was a large and unwieldy weapon and required such a support for its proper use. The "rest" was a pole with a piece of iron or hoop on which to place the musket. The use of the musket-rest disappeared during the Civil Wars of 1641-1647. The "rest" was carried over the right shoulder by strings tied to the forked head.

l. 129. *Musters at Mile-end,* Mile-end was the place where the London militia drilled.

l. 131. *Give him the slip,* Punning on two meanings, viz. (1) escaping or running away and (2) *slip* meaning a bad or counterfeit coin, therefore meaning *prove false.*

l. 131. *Staid his journey,* Stopped his journey.

ACT III, SCENE I

The Scene lies in the Old Jewry at a room in the Windmill Tavern.

l. 13. *Faces about to,* (Military phrase, since Bobadill poses as a "captain"), Turn round to.

l. 16. *S. George,* St. George.

l. 17. *Of a rustical cut,* Of country-bred manners.

l. 20. *Quos aequus etc.* (Quotation from *Virgil* : Aeneid VI, 129-130). Those whom the just Jupiter loved.

l. 21. *I understand you, sir,* As a matter of fact Matthew *does not* understand him—as he does *not* know Latin.

l. 23. *Ned Kno'well* !, Edward Knowell.

l. 24. *Love Apollo* i.e. love Apollo as the patron of poetry.

l. 25. *The mad Thespian girls,* The Muses, the nine goddesses who preside over poetry and drama. The term *Thespian* is applied to the Muses by Ovid in *Metamorphoses,* V, 310, where he calls them "Thespiades deæ" i.e. the Thespian goddesses. The Muses were so called from the vicinity of the ancient town of Thespiæ (in Bœotia) to Mount Helicon, one of the favourite seats of the Muses.

l. 27. *Writ,* Wrote.

l. 34. *Symmachus,* A scholar, statesman, and doctor, who was Roman counsul in 391 A.D. His collected letters were published

in ten books after his death. He modelled his epistolary style on that of the Younger Pliny.

l. 34. *Pliny,* A celebrated writer of Letters at Rome. He was a nephew of Pliny the elder, a Roman scientist and author who lost his life in the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D. The Younger Pliny was a lawyer, and for some time governor of the Roman Province of Bithynia. He modelled the style of his letters on that of Cicero, compared to whose work in letter-writing, however, they are rather frigid.

l. 36. *I marle,* I marvel.

l. 36. *What camel etc.,* What clownish fellow it was who was entrusted with the delivery of the letter.

l. 39. *Saiest,* Sayest.

l. 41. *Mistane,* Mistaken.

l. 51. *Mary,* Marry ; by Mary (an oath).

l. 54. *Moon .... quarter,* The moon in her last phase before changing to New Moon.

l. 55. *Two hang-by's,* Two hangers-on viz. Bobadill and Matthew.

l. 56. *If thou .... wind-instruments,* If you hear them once begin to talk, for they are live wind-instruments on which I play !

l. 57. *What strange piece of silence,* Referring to Stephen who had so long remained mute.

l. 60. *And he please,* If he please.

l. 63. *Prepare your apprehension,* Help your understanding.

l. 75. *I am no general man,* I am not a common man—I'll be friends only with a select few.

l. 77. *Do communicate with you* (Being a bombastic fellow. Bobadill uses inflated diction), Will have communion, or intercourse with you.

l. 78. *Of some parts,* Of some talents or merit.

l. 79. *Enow,* Enough.

l. 89. *Utters them,* Used punningly in a two-fold sense, one meaning of *utter* being *to publish* or put into *publication.*

l. 90. *Out of measure,* Exceedingly.

l. 91. *In measure,* Metrically correct (Note the quibble).

Self-love burnt for her heresy, As heretics were burnt for their erroneous (or supposedly *erroneous*) opinions in religious doctrine

or practice, he would like poetical vanity to be similarly consigned to fire.

l. 106. *St. Marks Day,* This Saint's day falls on April 25. In old calendars, it was "distinguished by a second appellation. *Litanic Major,* which had reference to the prayers and solemn processions of covered crosses on this day." [Whalley's note.]

l. 109. *Beleag'ring of Strigonium,* Siege of Strigonium, a town in Hungary. It was recaptured from the Turks in 1595. It is the town of Gran, called in the Magyar language *Esztergam.*

l. 112. *Leaguer,* Siege.

What do you call it ?, He means the town of Tortosa. The Quarto prints the name Tortosa. The break indicated by the dash does not occur in the Quarto.

l. 114. *The Genoways,* The Genoese, people of Genoa.

l. 118. *I had as lief as an angel* (*Angel*=coin equal to 5|8), I would be as glad to gain this talent of swearing like Bobadill as to gain an angel.

l. 120. *Servitor,* A soldier serving in the war.

l. 125. *A cat's and your own,* There was an old proverb that "a cat has nine lives". There are many allusions in literature to the supposed nine lives of a cat. These nine lives *plus* his own would make ten lives.

l. 131. *You must bring me etc.,* A person tortured on the rack would confess to any belief to be relieved of the torture.

l. 133. *Demi-culverin,* A king of cannon. It had a bore of four inches.

l. 136. *Linstock,* The staff that held the lighted match. Formerly guns had to be fired with a match or fuse.

l. 137. *Petrionel,* A carbine or horse-pistol. These were used by horse-soldiers.

l. 139. *'Hem,* Them.

l. 143. *Impeach,* Impeachment.

l. 145. *Rid,* Rode ; was carried upon.

l. 146. *Morglay, Excalibar, Durindana,* These were the special swords of heroes famous in the romances. They were owned respectively by Sir Bevis, King Arthur, and Orlando. Sir Bevis of Hampton, with his good sword Morglay, was the hero of many popular romantic ballads. King Arthur, with his sword

Excalibur, is the subject of Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* and many older romances, as also of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.* Orlando (with his Durindana) was the most illustrious of Charlemagne's paladins.

l. 147. *To that is fabled of 'em,* To that *which* is fabled about those swords.

l. 151. *I have a countryman of his here,* I have another sword hailing from the same place, viz. Toledo.

l. 155. A *Fleming,* Probably a common sword like those served out to the English soldiers in the wars of the Low Countries i.e. Flanders and Holland.

l. 155. *Guilder,* A Dutch coin equal to a *florin* or the German *gulden.*

l. 161. *A Poor provant rapier,* i.e. a rapier of the sort regularly issued by the government. "A *provant* master" was the commissariat officer who provided apparel etc. to the soldiers. Shakespeare uses the word *provand* in *Coriolanus.*

l. 168. *Coney-catching rascal,* A coney-catcher (a favourite Elizabethan word) was a sharper or cheat who deceived or swindled simple persons—originally applied to robbers of *coney* or rabbit warrens.

You should see an' I had a stomach, You would have seen whether I could express my resentment or not. There is of course a pun on the word *stomach.*

SCENE II.

Modern editors often treat this Scene as a mere continuation and part of the last Scene. In any case, it lies in the same place i.e. a room in the Windmill Tavern.

l. 16. *Under his favour,* Begging his leave. (Stephen asks his leave to call him a rascal!) It is very characteristic of the fool that Stephen is!

l. 20. *Make much on him,* You must appreciate this exquisite fool very highly.

l. 21. *Then a drum etc.,* Than a drum for every one to play upon. Similarly in Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* the prince asked Guildenstern whether he considered him (i.e. Hamlet himself) easier to be played upon than a pipe. A drum could be more

easily played upon than a pipe, and Stephen could be played upon more easily than a drum !

l. 23. *A child's whistle etc.*, Stephen can be more fitly compared to a child's whistle.

l. 25. *Another Toledo* i.e. another Toledo sword.

l. 27. *Conceited*, Full of pleasant conceits.

ll. 29-30. *Proceed in the catechism*, Go on asking questions and obtaining answers. (Bible lessons were often taught by way of these catechisms. The subject was dealt with in the form of questions and answers. This was done by the parish priests in their Sunday classes.)

l. 31. *None of that coat* (Vide note *supra*). Not a priest teaching the Scriptures by way of a catechism.

l. 32. *Of as bare a coat*, Quibble on the word "coat" in the line above—meaning your coat at least is as tattered as that of a man teaching the Bible catechism.

ll. 33-34. *Servant to the drum extraordinary*, Since Stephen is likened to a drum in l. 21 above,—a drum that could be played upon—Brainworm carries on that idea and suggests that old Knowell too is a drum—a drum extraordinary if Stephen be an ordinary sort of drum—and he can play on old Knowell just as well as Edward Knowell would play on Stephen.

l. 48. *In Colemant Street*, This was a resort of lounger's resort in Elizabethan times. At the end of Coleman Street was the old Jewry.

l.63. *Press*, Impressed ; carried by force into service.

l. 64. *In Thames Street .... Key*, Thames Street was a resort of porters, as also of carmen. "Custom-house Key" refers to the part of Thames Street—along the river Thames in London—where there was a wharf and customs duties were collected. This side too was therefore crowded with porters and carmen.

SCENE III.

The scene lies at Kitely's Warehouse. In modern editions, this becomes Scene II of Act III. The Scene shows how Kitely is divided in his mind by two conflicting passions—the desire for making business bargains (which requires his presence at the Exchange) and his jealousy about his wife and fears about her

fidelity (which induce him to stay at home, as a check upon his wife).

l. 1. *With him* i.e. with some business customer to whom Cash had been sent.

l. 13. *Fleering*, Mocking.

Opportunity, Opportunity (i.e. for his wife to misbehave and deceive him) is here apostrophised.

ll. 19-20. *Beauty's golden tree. . . . eyes*, Tamper with a beautiful woman's virtue when the husband is not watchful but is caught napping. The allusion is to the famous legend about the Hesperides and their tree with the golden apples, which was watched by the sleepless dragon Ladon. It was one of the twelve labours of Hercules to bring the golden apples of this tree of the Hesperides for his uncle.

l. 21. *Business, go by for once*, Many editors make Cash re-enter with Kitely's cloak just before this point. For "go by" see note to "Hieronymo, go by" in Act I, Scene V, l. 48. The phrase "go by" which occurs in Act IV of *Hieronymo* had passed into current slang.

l. 22. *Caract*, Old form of *carat*. The fineness of gold is here referred to, "carat" being here equivalent to *quality or value*.

l. 25. *As a jet . . . . straws*, The electrical properties of jet and amber had been noticed in the Middle Ages—" straws" standing here for any light substance that might be thus subject to electric attraction. The word *Electricity* is derived from the Latin *Electrum*, which means *Amber*, a substance which when rubbed was first discovered to show the property of "electric" attraction.

l. 34. *Most main attractive*, Greatly attractive (*Main* from the French *magne* literally means *great*).

l. 36. *Since our wives wore . . . . caps*, This new fashion of women wearing little caps is referred to in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* and in the older play *Taming of A Shrew* upon which Shakespeare's play was founded. Shakespeare's Petruchio called them "baby caps" and abused them heartily, but the heroine of the play Katherine tells him "gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

l. 38. *Wear. . . . akornes*, Rich velvet—velvet with a thick " pile "—therefore velvet of the best quality. There is a pun

involved in the word "acorns" or "akornes", which is more apparent in the latter spelling. The pun rests on the suggestion of the word *horn* in *akorne* : the husband of an adulterous wife being colloquially supposed to get "horns" on the brow on account of the beastly conduct of the wife. These unsavoury puns on the word *horn* are but too frequent in Elizabethan literature, especially in the early scenes of Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale.*

l. 46. *Exchange time, sir,* This is printed in the Quarto edition as "part ten". The action of the whole play occupies but a single day.

l. 63. *To Thomas,* Comparable to Thomas Cash.

l. 77. *With all my heart etc.,* These words are said as Kitely gives his own hand.

l. 84. *Nearer to my crest* i.e. never to my head. This is again another unsavoury allusion to the "horns" of a cuckold.

l. 95. *He will not swear etc.,* This speech is naturally an " aside ".

l. 96. *Close meaning,* Secret meaning.

l. 99. *Precisian,* Puritan. The Quarto edition actually prints "puritane" instead of "precisian".

l. 100. *Play at fayles and tick-tack,* These are varieties of back-gammon. "Fayles" was played with three dice. If one of the players threw some particular throw of the dice, he was disabled and therefore *fayled* (i.e. *failed*) in winning the game. "Tick-tack" was a more complicated species of back-gammon. The meaning of the expression here is that Cash is given to indulge in all sorts of games and is not a man of rigid morals.

l. 110. *Resolved,* Convinced ; satisfied.

l. 110. *At thy pleasure,* i.e. swear or don't swear as you choose.

l. 121. *Being not taken lawfully,* i.e. not being taken, according to law, before a Magistrate. (In this case the oath will carry little or no force. It was a question in casuistry whether an oath was of any force if not taken before a Magistrate.)

l. 128. *Traps.* Name of a merchant with whom Kitely has business dealings. In the Quarto edition (where the names are all Italian) the name given is *Platono.*

l. 154. *It was a trial etc.,* i.e., I was only trying to test you.

SCENE IV.

Modern editors often treat this as a continuation of the last Scene, treating it as part of Scene II, while Scene II as printed here is treated by them as a continuation of Scene I. Cob enters in a bad humour about fast days, when people ate no meat but only fish.

l. 2. *Would they were .... fire for me* !, So far as I am concerned I wish that fast days were burnt to ashes in a fire.

l. 4. *Ember weeks .... Fridays,* Fridays and Ember days were fasting days according to the Catholic Church. On these days meat could not be eaten : only fish, eggs etc., though exception was often made in the case of soldiers on a campaign and invalids. *Ember weeks* were four weeks in which the Ember days fell. These were the days on which clergymen were ordained for the ministry of the church. The weeks in which these days fell are *ember weeks* and the days themselves were the first Wednesday after the first Sunday in Lent, the first Friday after Whitsunday, the first Saturday after Holygood day (September, 15) and St. Lucy's Day (December, 13).

l. 4. *Burnt in the meantime,* This reflects the popular grievance against Church and State regulations forbidding the eating of meat on Fridays and certain other fast days. One theory on the subject is that these statutes aimed at the fostering of fisheries, by encouraging the fishing trade.

l. 8 *Collar,* This is a pun (as between *choler* and *collar,*) based on Bob's misunderstanding.

l. 11. *Shew .... trick,* Cause you to fall, as a vicious horse will overthrow the rider or cart.

l. 14. *Rheum,* Caprice ; whim.

l. 16. *Rheum .... mistakest,* Since "humour" and not "rheum" was now the fashionable word for whim or caprice.

l. 18. *Mack,* Apparently an oath, in itself unintelligible, but probably standing for "mass" !

l. 29. *These lean rascally days,* Fast days.

l. 32. *The flood,* Referring to the Bible story of the Flood and Noah's Ark.

l. 33. *Stomach,* Am angry with.

l. 34. *Maw,* Stomach ; appetite.

l. 34. *And 'twere for Sir Bevis .... them,* i.e. I have a stomach which would be comparable to the stomach or appetite of Sir Bevis's horse. The name of the celebrated horse of Sir Bevis of Hampton or Southampton, whose story is told in Drayton's *Polyolbion.* It was a popular romance and many ballads were written about the hero, who finally married an Armenian princess. His sword *Morglay* has been referred to in Act III, Scene I. His horse was named *Arundel.*

l. 40. *Or a Flemish breed,* The Flemings (natives of Flanders were overfond of butter. The Elizabethan dramatists frequently allude to this circumstance).

l. 40. *Raven up,* Consume (*Up* is used in an intensive connotation as in *eat up, swallow up* etc).

l. 42. *Stink of fish and leek porridge,* These were eaten on fast days.

My lineage goes to rack, See Act I, Scene IV, ll. 9-17. Cob has been running on the *cobs of fish.* Fish being eaten on fast days, there is a massacre of fish and therefore of the *Cob* family.

l. 51. *Turn Hannibal,* Cob's blunder (malapropism for *cannibal*). To Cob both the words *Hannibad* and *Cannibal* were strange words and he uses the one for the other. Hannibal was the great Carthaginian general who invaded Italy in 219 B.C. and was finally defeated by Scipio at Zama in North Africa in 201 B. C.

l. 53. *Rich as King Cophetua,* Cf. Tennyson's poem *Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.* Cophetua was an imaginary African monarch who married the daughter of a beggar. Her name is variously given as *Zenelophon* or *Penelophon.* Shakespeare refers to *Cophetua* in several of his plays.

l. 56. *Curse .... almanacks,* Because it is the almanacs that mark out fast days which cause a massacre of his kinsmen, the cobs of fish.

l. 57. *I'll be hanged etc.,* Many more fish-eating fast-days were introduced by Cecil, Lord Burleigh, chief minister to Queen Elizabeth for political reasons, viz. to encourage fisheries and the fishing trade from among whom the men for the navy were often recruited. These additional fast days were in consequence often called "Cecil" fast days.

l. 59. *Utter,* Vend ; sell.

l. 60. *Dried stockfish,* Dried codfish salted hard and beaten before cooking. (In former days the fishmongers of London were divided into two classes :—(1) stock-fishmongers and (2) salt-fishmongers.)

l. 61. *Beaten like a stockfish,* Cf. note above.

SCENE V.

This scene, like the last, is placed in Kitely's warehouse. Modern editors often treat this scene as a continuation of the last scene.

l. 7. *Joined patten with etc.,* Joined by a patent with the seven wise men—i.e. made a sharer among the seven wise men by letters patent from government. The Seven Wise Men of Greek antiquity are usually enumerated as being : (1) Bias of Priene in Ionia ; (2) Pittacus of Mitylene ; (3) Cleobulus of Lindus in Rhodes ; (4) Periander of Corinth ; (5) Solon the Athenesian ; (6) Chilon of Lacedæmon ; and (7) Thales of Miletus. In place of Chilon, the name of Lycurgus is often found in the list. Thales was one of the earliest of the Greek philosophers, while Solon was one of the earliest legislators of Athens and Lycurgus of Sparta (Lacedæmon). The other four men were "tyrants" or "unconstitutional" but powerful monarchs of the towns or islands mentioned against their names.

l. 9. *Writhen,* Twisted ; writhed.

l. 10. *Gentlemen of the round,* Sub-officers of the guard, who make the rounds inspecting the sentries. These officers were often poverty-stricken men of the gentlemanly class.

l. 12. *Provont . . . . halberdiers etc.,* The city police or watchmen with their commander.

l. 13. *Hackney pace . . . . able,* Metaphor from the different paces of the horse. (The meaning is that ruined soldiers have made the profession of begging a smooth-sailing affair.)

l. 14. A *shove-groat shilling.* A smooth shilling used at the game of shovel-board. The shilling used to be at the edge of the board and propelled towards the mark by a smart stroke of the hand.

l. 15. *Reformados (Spanish),* Disbanded soldiers.

l. 19. *Sergeant-major*, These officers were in those days equal in rank to the *major* in a modern regiment, while the term *sergeant-major*, as used to-day, implies a position inferior to that of a lieutenant.

l. 20. *Lieutenant-coronel*, Lieutenant-colonel.

l. 27. *Houndsditch man . . . . broker*, Houndsditch was a locality in London noted for the brokers who inhabited it. The dramatic literature of Ben Jonson's age is full of allusions to them.

l. 29. *A crafty . . . . broker*, A proverb of the time used as a second title afterwards to a pamphlet of Ben Jonson's time entitled *The Scourge of Corruption*, 1615.

l. 31. *Ergo*, Therefore—a word commonly used in deductive logic in giving the conclusion in a syllogism.

l. 34. *Where I have one, the broken has ten*, The word *shifts* is to be supplied. *Shifts* is used punningly in two senses, viz. : (1) devices and (2) shifts or changes of apparel.

l. 50. *Commit* i.e. commit to jail.

l. 51. *Taking the wall*, Taking the upper or chief place in the road (as against Clement's horse).

l. 56. *Pray thee vouchsafe us*, i.e. think us worthy of or deign to help us for etc.

l. 61. *Trinidado*, The genuine tobacco from Trinidad [*Trinidado* is the Spanish form of the name of this island in the West Indies.]

l. 66. *Reprove*, Disprove.

l. 70. *This simple only*, This herb alone.

l. 75. *Balsamum and St. John's wort*, These substances were used for ointments, lotions, etc.

l. 76. *Your Nicotian*, Tobacco is often colloquially spoken of as the "Nicotian weed." It is so named after one Nicot, who first introduced it into France. Jonson seems here to allude to a *particular variety called Nicotian*, but none such is known. It may be that (1) either Bobadill is mistaken, (2) or he may be fooling Stephen into such an opinion, or (3) possibly Ben Jonson himself may be confused, unless indeed (4) there really was such a special variety, which is just possible.

l. 90. *Sancto Dowingo, Saint Dowingo*, One of the West Indies.

l. 92. *It is a good for nothing etc.,* Many writers of this time wrote against tobacco, and among the accusations brought against tobacco was this one of choking a man to death.

l. 96. *Avoided a bushel of soot,* King James I wrote a pamphlet against smoking in which he employed this argument of Cob's (*Avoided* = voided ; vomited).

l. 100. *Ratsbane or rosaker,* Both were poisonous preparations made out of arsenic, or bichloride of mercury.

l. 102. *Cullion,* Scoundrel ; low fellow ; wretch.

ll. 119-120. *The most divine tobacco .... drunk,* Here *drunk* amounts in meaning to *smoked.* The same idiom occurs in many Indian languages.

l. 133. *The Artillery Garden,* The trainning ground of the "Honourable Artillery Company". Here the term "Artillery" did not necessarily mean cannon. It also included small arms and bows and arrows. The Company received their first charter from Henry VIII. Master Stephen would seem to have been a member of the company, which for some years was a nursery for soldiers.

l. 152. *Larded .... French dressing,* " To lard " is to insert pieces of bacon fat into the flesh of poultry etc. Stephen's speech is similarly seasoned with oaths, and this is called a French larding because the French were proverbial swearers.

SCENE VI.

This Scene (which modern editors sometimes number as Scene III) is placed at Justice Clement's house in Coleman Street. Kitely has proceeded there to complain but Cob meets him there, and he changes his plan, being jealous of his wife.

l. 10. *Thus wide and large,* This is spoken by Kitely with a gesture representing the horns of the cuckold. This is also referred to by " cornucopiæ " in l. 24 following.

l. 24. *Cornucopiae,* " Cornucopia " or properly *cornucopiae* means the "horn of plenty" with which Jupiter rewarded his nurse Amalthea, it being the horn of the goat on whose milk the nurse had nourished him in his infancy. This *Horn* of Plenty was supposed never to get empty, but was prepared to give out

of it whatever a person wanted. But Kitely is thinking of the horns of the cuckold.

l. 37. *Bridewell,* The famous house of correction or "work house." It lay to the west of Blackfriars.

Kissed the post, This in an attempt at a witticism, for the phrase also meant "to be shut out from meals".

l. 43. *What do I stay,* Why do I stay.

l. 45. *I have eggs on the spit,* i.e. I have work to do; I am busy.

Lyen, or *lien* is "lain".

SCENE VII.

The scene lies in the same place as before, viz. Clement's place in Coleman Street. Hence modern editors take it as a continuation of the last scene.

l. 2. *I, sir,* Ay, sir.

The Green Lattice, A tavern in London. Cob lived near it, hard by the city wall, at the foot of Coleman Street.

Scot and lot, Parish dues or rates, taxes etc. The phrase was current in England even in pre-Norman times. The two words *Scot* and *Lot* had each the same meaning, viz. a *charge.*

l. 15. *Scot-free* (Cf. note above), Without payment.

l. 16. *My poor neighbour,* Since both Cob and Clement lived in Coleman Street.

l. 30. *Within a twelve-month and a day,* This was the legal period for determining the cause of a death from wounds.

l. 33. *What colour,* "Colour" is "outward appearance" i.e. a specious reason, a reason apparently good. Bacon wrote a treatise on the *Colours of Appearances of Good and Evil.*

l. 42. *Bob,* Strike.

l. 72. *Fear,* Frighten (Obsolete in this sense).

l. 73. *Sweet Oliver,* Mr. Simpson has a note in his edition of *Every Man in His Humour* to the effect that this was a stock epithet for the rival of "mad" Orlando in Ariosto's epic *Orlando Furioso.* There was also a favourite ballad beginning with the words "Sweet Oliver". Oliver was one of the twelve paladins of the court of Charlemagne in France, while Orlando was his greatest knight.

l. 77. *In dumps,* Out of spirits.

l. 83. *Stayed,* Staid i.e. sober. But there is a pun between *staid* and *stayed.*

l. 83. *Unthrift,* Prodigal.

l. 86. *Cup of sack,* "Sack" was the term applied to the dry, white wines of Spain and Portugal, now called sherry.

l. 87. *Muse,* Marvel.

l. 87. *Your parcel of a soldier,* "Parcel" is diminutive of "part". *Parcel of a soldier is a piece or fragment of a soldier.* Brainworm is meant here. He has pretended to be a soldier much broken and battered in wars and then thrown out of employment.

ACT IV, SCENE I.

The scene lies in Kitely's house and presents us Downright giving a piece of his mind to his sister about her associating with male company!

l. 6. *'Slud,* Probably the same as *'Slid* i.e. *God's lid.* But it may be equal to *'Sblood* i.e. *God's blood.*

l. 15. *Parboiled,* Thoroughly boiled; boiled through and through. The word is spelt *perboiled* in the Folio edition.

l. 20. *You'ld mad,* You would make mad.

SCENE II.

This Scene is merely a continuation of the last and is so treated by many modern editors. It introduces to us Matthew making love to Bridget in a conventional, mechanical way, while Wellbred makes fun of him.

l. 1. *Servant,* Lover; cavalier; admirer. The word is used in the sense in opposition to *mistress.*

l. 5. *Hoyday,* Heyday. (Term of exclamation.)

l. 6. *Stand close,* Stand secret, quietly apart.

l. 7. *Impudency,* Impudence.

l. 9. *An odd toy,* a fancy; a trifle.

l. 10. *Mock an ape withal,* This was a common proverbial expression. (*Withal*=with.) The meaning is "deceive a simpleton with" or "dupe a fool with."

l. 13. *Rime-given,* Fond of rhymes or verse.

l. 16. *Foppery,* Foolery.

l. 24. *Censure,* Judge.

ll. 32-33. *Incipere dulce,* (Latin) "It is sweet to begin". But E. Knowell by the simple change of a letter (changing *c* into *s*) turns the Latin into "insipere dulce", which means "it is sweet to be a fool" which makes a brilliant pun. [Incidentally this serves to show that in the Latin pronunciation of the time *c* was generally sounded as *s*. The modern tendency is to sound it as *k*, as evidenced by the modern classical pronunciation of *Cicero* (formerly sounded Sisero and in modern Italian as *Chitchero* or *Kikero.*)

l. 37. *Gull him with a motte,* Deceive him with a proverb. (*Motte*=*mot* in French).

l. 38. *Benchers,* Benchers were tavern loafers or idlers. But it is not clear why "pauca verba" should be the benchers' phrase. It might rather be the exclamation of the benchers or judges in the Inns of Court at law disputations held for exercise sake. "pauca verba" (Latin) = "few words" i.e. say little.

l. 43. *Hero and Leander,* Marlowe's erotic poem, then very popular, published after the poet's death, in 1598. The tragic story of the love of Leander for his mistress Hero is a Greek myth. Leander was drowned at sea while swimming across the Hellespont to meet his mistress. (Matthew's poem is made up with slight alterations from Book I, ll. 197-205 and ll. 219-220 of Marlowe's poem.)

l. 54. *Free of the wit-brokers,* i.e. a member of the society or company of the brokers of poetic stuff. Just as a London fishmonger was said to have the "freedom" of—or be "free" of—the society or guild of London fishmongers, so Matthew is called here a member of the society or company of those who acted as brokers in the trade of poetry.

l. 57. *From the dead,* Matthew had stolen the poetry from Marlowe. Marlowe had already been dead for some years before the date of Ben Jonson's play—being killed in a drunken browl in 1593.

l. 62. *Extempore* (*Latin*), On the spur of the moment.

l. 66. *The Star,* Name of a tavern.

l. 67. *Curse the stars,* Pun with reference to the name of the tavern—the star.

l. 68. *His are even with him,* His stars have returned him tit for tat—if he curses them, they too have cursed him.

l. 76. *Sister,* viz. Bridget.

l. 77. *Encomions,* Encomiums.

l. 82. *Tricks,* Downright has in his mind what was then a fashionable pun between "merry tricks" and the Latin word *meretrix,* which meant a prostitute. The word *Tricks* came to have this equivocal meaning.

l. 88. *Trick vied and revied,* Here *trick* is a trick in a game of cards. "Vie" means "risk a sum of money on a hand of cards" and "revie" means "raise the stake with a larger stake."

l. 93. *Take it in sunff,* Take offence at it.

You'll be begged .... concealment, This is a topical allusion. Some unauthorized persons had unlawfully retained the properties of the monasteries after their dissolution by Henry VIII, properties which should have belonged to the crown. Several "commissions" had been appointed by Queen Elizabeth to search into all properties on this account; but in course of time these commissions (appointment to which was often "begged" by favoured courtiers) became a source of vexation and even oppression. "To beg for a concealment" i.e. to be appointed to a commission for search of concealed property had become the quest to many unscrupulous courtiers. These commissions were at last revoked in 1579.

l. 97. *A teston at least,* A brass coin of the time of Henry VIII, generally worth a sixpence. (*Teston=tester*).

l. 101. *I wasse, I wis* or *ywis* (obsolete), meaning "to be sure".

l. 103. *Whose cow .... calved,* Who is bragging?

l. 109. *Your hang-byes,* Your hangers-on.

l. 110. *Your potlings,* Tipplers. (But the word has also been explained as meaning "little pots—poetasters whose pot is their muse.")

l. 110. *Soldados and foolados,* Soldiers and fools. (*Soldado* is the regular Spanish word for a *soldier,* the other word is coined from *fool* on the *analogy* of a Spanish word).

l. 112. *Ballad-singer*, i.e. Matthew.

l. 114. *Slops your fellow here*, i.e. Bobadill, who wore *slops* or puffed breeches, which were then the fashion.

l. 122. *Holofernes*, The term is here applied to Downright. There may be a reference to the Biblical Holofernes who was killed by Judith, or (probably), to a boastful character in some old play.

l. 127. *Coystril*, Knave ; worthless fellow. The word is used by Chaucer. *Coystrel* is originally a *groom*.

SCENE III.

There is really no change of scene, which modern editors treat as a continuation of th elast.

l. 11. *Who enforst .... brawl ?*, Who caused this quarrel or forced it on ?

l. 12. *Lewd rake-hells*, Dissolute fellows. (From Old French : *racaille.*)

l. 15. *Bob there*, Ironically short for *Bobadill.*

Songs and sonnets, his fellow, i.e., Matthew whom in the last scene at l. 111, he has called a "ballad-singer."

ll. 26-27. *A civil gentleman etc.*, She means young Edward Knowell whom she is to marry at the end of the play. Here is the first hint of her regard for him.

l. 30. *Portion*, Dowry settled upon her by her deceased father for her marriage.

l. 33. *Minion* (French *mignon*) Darling ; paramour.

SCENE IV.

This scene lies in a lane before Cob's house.

l. 14. *You are no soldier etc.*, Stabbing was proverbially the soldier's reply to an accusation of lying.

l. 17. *That foist, that fencing Burgullian*, Bobadill. "Foist" is a curse. " Burgullion " is a bully or braggart.

l. 19. *Basted*, Beaten.

l 19. *Sumptiously*, Sumptuously.

l. 20. *It here in black and white*, That is a formal warrant of arrest.

l. 22. *Trojan,* "Trojan" was used sometimes in the sense of (1) a trusty companion, a true friend and sometimes of (2) a boon companion.

l. 15. *Smoke,* Smoked i.e. abused ; taken in or ridiculed.

ll. 39-40. *Tut, sweet .... no more,* Note the rhyming couplet making the end of an amusing scene.

SCENE V.

This scene lies probably in a room in the Windmill Tavern. Brainworm is entrusted with the task of further misleading Kitely. Progress in the love-passion of Edward Knowell for Bridget.

l. 8. *Possessed,* Instructed.

l. 9. *Make .... questions,* Have no doubt about it.

l. 12. *Open,* Known.

l. 16. *Affect,* Love.

l. 16. *Pretend'st,* Settest forth.

l. 24. *By this light,* An oath. Cf. *'slight* in Act IV, Scene III.

l. 26. *'Point,* Contraction of *appoint.*

SCENE VI.

This is Scene IV in modern editions. The scene lies in a street in the Old Jewry. Brainworm prepares to practise a trick upon Formal, the magistrate's clerk in order to get possession of his cloak.

l. 5. *Fair speed,* Spoken ironically.

l. 14. *Under that villain Brainworm,* An instance of Dramatic Irony. Kitely does not know that he is speaking *about* Brainworm *to* Brainworm himself, the latter being so well disguised.

l. 21. *The black art,* Magic or necromancy.

ll. 32-33. *They seemed men,* "Men" is a contrast with "voice" in l. 30.

l. 38. *Made an anatomy of me,* Turned me into a skeleton ; dissected me into a corpse.

l. 41. *Bottom of packthread,* A ball of string.

l. 43. *Brave,* Richly dressed.

l. 54. *Yes . . . . invisible,* i.e. if you see him, you will see what is invisible.

l. 54. *Much wench . . . . son !,* Ironical, meaning : "Much will you see now either of women or of your son".

l. 60. *Nupson,* Simpleton ; fool.

l. 67. *A pottle of wine,* A measure of two quarts (of wine).

l. 72. *At Mile-end,* The city trainbands used to be drilled at Mile-end.

l. 18. *Cup of neat grist,* i.e. a cup of pure malt liquor. "Neat" is pure or undiluted. The word "grist" (which means *flour* ground at the *mill*) is used jocularly for liquor because the name of the tavern is the *Windmill.*

l. 80. *Make grist of you,* I'll reduce you to pulp. Brainworm uses the word *grist* here in its ordinary sense of *flour.*

SCENE VII.

This is Scene V with many modern editors. This scene lies in Moorfields. Matthew is talking about the threats of Downright. Bobadill encourages him to challenge him to a duel. Downright comes and gives them both a beating.

l. 1. *Did your eyes ever taste etc.* i.e. exprience i.e. did you ever see a clown like him ?

l. 6. *Bastinado,* See notes to Act I, Scene V.

l. 9. *Generously-minded,* High-spirited.

l. 12. *Like lightning, hay !,* In Italian *hai* means " you have it|!" and therefore means a hit. It is an exclamation accompanying a successful lunge.

Punto, There is a pun between two meanings :—(1) a point of time or instant and (2) a stroke or thrust.

l. 17. *Our masters of defence etc.,* Our great fencers in London.

l. 20. *Travail,* Used in *both* senses of (1) travel and (2) labour.

Mystery, Craft.

l. 27. *Opposite in diameter to,* Diametrically opposed to.

l. 35. *Tricks of prevention,* Tricks of defence in fencing—i.e. in warding off the enemy's thrust.

l. 35. *Have purchased 'hem etc.,* i.e. *which* have *purchased* (i.e. *obtained*) for them a wonderful reputation.

l. 40. *For a more instance,* For a greater instance.

ll.42-43. *Divers skirts .... shoreditch,* Different outskirts or suburban parts of London. All the localities mentioned were places of ill repute—haunts of pimps and prostitutes. While engaged in an elevated tirade about his greatness, Bobadill unconsciously blurts out the truth about himself, unconsciously betraying in what places of ill fame he has lived ! This is a master stroke of Ben Jonson's comic genius.

l. 45. *Ordinary,* Tavern ; public dining-place.

l. 47. *Pitying to hurt them,* Having pity on them and not wishing to hurt them.

l. 49. *Pismire,* Ant.

l. 50. *By myself, I could have slain them all,* This is an illustration of Bobadill's supreme boastfulness !

l. 57. *Peculiar,* Private individual.

l. 61. *Under seal* i.e. under seal of secrecy.

ll. 63-68. *Were I known .... enemy whatsoever,* In these lines the boastfulness of Bobadill rises to a climax. He offers to take upon himself—with the help of nineteen assistants—the whole burden of the defence of England from England's enemies and save all the costs of army expenditure—if only the Privy Council of Queen Elizabeth would deem it wise to entrust the job to him. Unfortunately *they have not even heard of him !* In ll. 70 to 89, this boastfulness reaches the climax of absurdity.

ll. 74-75. *Reverso ..... montanto,* All these are terms in fencing. *Reverso* is a back-thrust. *Stoccato* is a thrust. *Imbroccato* is a thrust given over the dagger. For *Passada,* see notes to Act I, Sc. V. *Montanto* is a broad sword used by fencing masters. All these are Spanish or Italian terms.

l. 83. *Twenty score—that's two hundred,* Twenty score is four hundred, but we have here a good sample of Bobadill's arithmetic. As Gifford remarks : "Bobadill is too much a borrower to be good reckoner."

l. 97. *This welkin,* The sky.

l. 101. *Downright walks over the stage,* Probably the *inner* stage is meant.

l. 115. *Gipsy,* Rogue ; pickpocket.

l. 118. *Tall man,* "Tall" meant *bold* or *courageous.*

l. 124. *You foist,* See notes to Act IV, Scene IV.

l. 125. *Control the point,* Beat down the enemy's sword.

l. 125. *Consort,* Companion (See notes to Act I, Scene V).

l. 132. *I cannot tell, sir,* I know what to say.

l. 134. *Strook with a planet,* Bobadill attributes his nervelessness to the evil aspect of a malevolent planet. Belief in astrology was universal in Elizabethan England. "Strook" is the old past participle of Strike and is used by Milton. It means *struck.* "Strook with a planet" is "struck by the malign influence of a planet."

SCENE VIII.

This is Scene VI with modern editors. The harmless conversation in the scene serves only to aggravate Kitely's jealousy. He is afraid his clothes may be poisoned ! Brainworm comes in a new disguise—dressed as the magistrate's clerk—and sends Kitely and also his wife on a fool's errand. The scene is a room in Kitely's house.

l. 5. *Adjection,* Addition.

l. 22. *Mithridate,* Antidote. Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the reputed inventor of an antidote against the effects of poison.

l. 28. *Conceits,* Notions : fancies.

l. 47. *Pen-man,* Formal, who was a clerk.

l. 53. *Old brown bill,* A sort of pike with a hooked point, once used by foot-soldiers and later on by watchmen.

l. 58. *Will him to meet me.* Desire him to meet me i.e. request him to meet me. . .

l. 59. *The Tower,* The Tower lay beyond the jurisdiction of the city and appears to have been used for private marriages. At these marriages, there were no regular "banns."

l. 74. *His band,* The linen or cambric collar worn round the neck, which was sometimes very costly.

l. 107. *A Plague of all ceruse,* A curse on all ceruse or cosmetics ! "Ceruse" was white lead, used by ladies for painting their faces and bosoms.

l. 122. *Of the squire,* There is a pun on the word "squire" which had acquired an evil meaning as a "go-between" or "pander."

l. 131. *Oh, that villain dors me,* The rogue imposes upon me ; he is trying to make a fool of me. "Dors" means deceives like the *dor* or cockchafer.

l. 140. *Gone a purpose,* Gone on purpose.

SCENE IX.

This is Scene VII in some modern editions. Brainworm makes more fun of Bobadill and Matthew, gulling them more and more. Bobadill employs him to procure a warrant of arrest against Downright, for he takes him to be the magistrate's clerk, being dressed in Formal's cloak.

l. 13. *Your nobilis, your gentelezza,* "Nobilis" is Latin and "Gentelezza" is Italian, the meaning of both terms being "gentlemen of good birth."

l. 13. *Reverse,* i.e. *Reverse* (Cf. Act IV, Scene VII) i.e. a back-handed stroke.

l. 14. *Your retricato,* This word admits of no explanation and reads like an invention of Bobadill. Mr. Simpson quotes the opinion of Onions that it may be a confusion with *rintricato* = entangled.

l. 15. *Assalto* (Italian), Assault.

l. 16. *Defy your basewood,* Perhaps a pun upon the word "baston", the stick with which a bastinado was given.

l. 18. *Unwitched,* Freed from fascination or influence of the evil planets.

l. 32. *His only preferment,* The only advancement he gives me.

l. 37. *Brace of angels,* Two angels. *Vide* notes to Act II, Scene III.

l. 41. *Not a cross,* This was a common expression for want of money. "Cross" means a penny which was stamped with a cross.

l. 46. *Jewel in my ear,* Both ladies and gentlemen wore ear-rings during the reigns of Elizabeth and JamesI.

l. 60. *Silk-russet, laid .... lace,* " Russet " indicates a coarse rustic material and as colour it denotes a reddish-brown stuff.

l. 68. *Varlets of .... sergeant,* Bailiffs.

SCENE X.

This is Scene VIII in many new editions of the play. It gives a diverting account of how Kitely and his wife find themselves before Cob's House, each under the belief that the other is gone there to meet her or his paramour. Knowell has also gone there under a false scent—due to Brainworm's misrepresentation—to detect his son in an amour. Kitely mistakes him for his wife's imaginary paramour. This is one of the most humorous of the comic situations in this play.

l. 17. *Female copesmate,* Female friend i.e. paramour.

l. 22. *Ope,* Open.

ll. 27-28. *Tried,* Note the *pun* between these two lines.

l. 36. *Close walks,* Secret walks.

l. 36. *Smokt,* Observed.

l. 43. *Twice sod,* Twice boiled.

l. 43. *O you trecher,* O, you traitor.

l. 53. *Out, I defy thee, I,* The second " I " is probably equal in meaning to " Ay ", as in many places.

l. 55. *Can he deny it* i.e. can Thomas deny it ?

l. 55. *Or that wicked elder* i.e. old Kno'well whom in his jealousy he has taken to be his wife's paramour.

l. 61. *Good wife, ba'd,* You good woman who are a *bawd.* There is a *pun* between *bad* and *bowd.*

l. 62. *Hoddy-doddy,* Originally a clumsy person,—afterwards used of any one made foolish or ridiculous. Here used in the sense of *cuckold*—literally a " snail-shell ".

l. 63. *Apple-squire,* Pandar ; pimp.

l. 66. *Mary,* Marry (as often = *by Mary*).

l. 80. *Is'bel'* Isabel. This is the first and last line in the play that Tib is called by this name.

l. 89. *Make a bundle of hemp of* i.e. beat, since " hemp " is prepared by beating.

l. 90. *A bitter quean.* A saucy hussy ; ill-tempered slut or scold.

SCENE XI.

This is Scene IX in many modern editions. It lies in a street where in disguise of a sergeant he arrests Downright at the instance of Bobadill. Master Stephen who is wearing Downright's cloak is arrested at the latter's instance and the whole cavalcade marched to the house of Clement, the magistrate. More fun is caused by the fact that earlier in the scene Stephen wearing Downright's cloak, as he did, is mistaken for Downright and is on the point of being arrested as if he were Downright.

l. 2. *This sergeant's gown,* The gown was the badge of the sergeant's office.

l. 4. *Rests,* Arrests.

l. 4. *All manner of unrest,* Note the pun in "rest" in the sense of "arrest".

l. 5. *Diminutive of a mace,* The sergeant always carried a small mace when he made an arrest, as a sign of his office.

l. 6. *Pepper and salt in itself,* These words show that Brainworm is again indulging in a pun or quibble between the two meanings of "mace", viz. (1) a staff and (2) a spice, with which "pepper and salt" are associated.

l. 20. *I' the queen's name,* The sergeant claimed to make his arrest in the name of the ruling sovereign. Queen Elizabeth was on the throne when this play was first written and acted.

l. 28. *Here a' comes,* Here *he* comes. *A'* is a common contraction of *he*. It is a dialectical corruption. It is also found in Shakespeare, e.g. in *Henry* V, Act II, Sc. III.

l. 39. *Let's before and make the justice,* Let us go before and *prepare* the justice. This is a strange use of "make" in the sense of either *prepare* or *acquaint him with the case.* The Quarto edition uses "prepare" instead of "make".

l. 40. *The varlet's a tall man,* Bobadill is so much overawed by Downright that he considers the sergeant to be a man of great courage to venture to arrest that angry man. "Tall" is "valiant" or "courageous".

l. 53. *Take your word,* i.e. take your word for your appearance in court.

l. 58. *Swing you,* Beat you; chastise you.

l. 66. *A fair mash,* A muddle ; a mess.

l. 71. *Hang me for it,* Stephen's language shows that he has misunderstood the expression "hanging look" used by Downright in ll. 69-70 above and this is intended to cause some fun among the audience.

ACT V, SCENE I.

This Scene is placed in Coleman Street at the residence of Justice Clement. Practically all the Scenes of this Act are placed at Clement's house. Clement solves the doubts of the suspicious father and the jealous husband, by getting Brainworm to unravel the misunderstanding by his disguises.

In the Scene while Clement is talking with Kitely and his wife and listening to the jealous husband's doubts, report is brought about a "soldier"—Bobadill—coming on with his complaint. The magistrate puts on his armour to give a proper reception to the soldier !

l. 14. *Chance,* This word given in brackets is left out in the first folio edition.

l. 19. *Used,* Frequented. In the next line the word is *punned* upon.

l. 32. *Gone with my sister,* Kitely had really no knowledge about Well-born having gone away with his sister Bridget, since he had left his house *before* Wellborn left with Bridget. This is a "slip" on the part of Ben Jonson. In the Quarto edition however Kitely (i.e. *Thorello,* as Kitely is called in the Quarto) learns that his sister had left the house, but even there he does not know *with whom* she had left.

l. 45. *Why, when, knaves,* An expression of impatience.

l. 47. *Gorget,* Armour for the throat and neck.

SCENE II.

This Scene is really a continuation of the last and is so printed—i.e. as a part of Scene I—by many modern editors. Fun is made of Bobadill's cowardice, since calling himself a soldier he has meekly submitted to a beating at Downright's hands. What follows later on as Scene III is also really a continuation of Scene I, presenting Stephen, Downright and Brainworm.

l. 2. *Your pretence,* Your design ; your intent.

l. 12. *Laid me along,* Knocked me down.

l. 15. *'Twill make him swoon,* Clement makes fun of Bobadill's cowardice. Soldier though Bobadill claims to be, Clement mocks at his unsoldier-like conduct in submitting to a beating, and pretends that he (Bobadill) would probably faint at the sight of his armour, and so takes it off.

l. 24. *Set by this picture,* Put aside this fellow [Bobadill], who is merely the *picture* of a soldier, not a real soldier.

l. 25. *Mr. Freshwater's suit,* i.e. Bobadill's suit. "Freshwater soldier" is a gibing term—a soldier who had never seen overseas service.

SCENE III.

As remarked above, this is merely a continuation of Scene I, both what is here called Scene III and that which has just gone before as Scene II. Brainworm's trick of using a false "warrant" of arrest is exposed and he puts himself at Clement's mercy. The whole story of his disguises and stratagems is laid bare and Clement is pleased with his cleverness.

l. 5. *Wise kinsman,* Spoken ironically.

l. 13. *Breathe awhile,* Wait ; rest for the time being.

l. 15. *Apprehension,* Arrest.

l. 16. *I, an't please,* Yes, if it please your honour !

l. 17. *Speak in passion,* Speak emotionally.

l. 23. *And he would be my discharge,* And he said that he would be responsible for the action.

l. 26. *Be served etc.* i.e. have a warrant served upon you and you should yield yourself to arrest without examining the warrant.

l. 51. *Commit me .... committing more than this,* Note the *pun* on the two senses of *commit,* viz. (1) commit to jail for trial and (2) committing an offence.

l. 60. *Your sword and your balance,* The allegorical attributes of Justice, when personified as a goddess, viz. the scales in her hand and the sword of executive power—the third attribute

being her impartiality suggested by her eyes being bandaged—whence came the expression that Justice is " blind ".

l. 57. *With my cousin Edward and I*, Note the use of *I* instead of *me*. Though Stephen may be supposed to commit mistakes in grammar, the probability is that he is only using a colloquialism.

l. 62. *Bowl of sack*. Cup of sherry. (See note to Act III, Sc. 7, l. 91).

l. 71. *Reformed soldier*, i.e. " reformado." Cf. the use of this word in Act III, Sc. V. ll. 15-18.

l. 75. *Metamorphosis*, Transformations i.e. disguises.

l. 85. *Bespeak*, Order.

l. 85. *Wedding supper at the Windmill*, The Windmill was then a famous tavern in London.

l. 86. *Prevent*, Anticipate.

l. 90. *Neither's friends*, Friends of neither bride nor bridegroom.

l. 96. *That cool vein*, That cool humour.

l. 102. *Pledge me*, Drink to my health.

l. 104. *Suspect his ingine* i.e. suspect his wit or understanding. The word *ingine* is used in the sense of the Latin word " ingenium " out of which it has been formed.

l. 109. *Drunk in arms*, Because Formal *had* been drunk and was then actually dressed in Brainworm's old suit of arms, which the latter had used for his first disguise.

SCENE IV.

This is also a mere continuation of the last scene, which scene and the preceding one are really all continuations of Scene I. In fact all the five scenes of the Act actually constitute *one* long scene, lying at Clement's house and is printed as such by many modern editors.

l. 1. *Happened into*, Chanced to fall into.

l. 4. *I am Justice Clement and do pardon*, The sentence has a reference to the literal meaning of the word " Clement ", which means " merciful " and therefore " one who pardons."

l. 7. *Drawers,* Waiters or drawers of wine at the tavern; tapsters.

l. 10. *Gl' you joy,* I congratulate you.

SCENE V.

As stated above, this scene is a continuation of the last, and this and the preceding three scenes are mere continuations of Scene I. The whole of the fifth Act thus actually consists of one scene only.

l. 2. *Only these two,* i.e. Bobadill and Matthew.

l. 4. *Let me pray you for this gentleman,* i.e. for Matthew who had been making love poems addressed to Bridget.

l. 10. *Extempore,* Verses composed on the spur of the moment.

l. 11. *The pocket muse* i.e. verses written and kept in the pocket.

l. 13. *Taste of his vein,* i.e. a sample of his poetical vein.

l. 14. *Under a writ of rebellion,* i.e. otherwise a proclamation of arrest will be made against you as a rebel.

l. 16. *A whole realm, a commonwealth of paper,* In the word *realm* as used here, we have a *pun* between *realm,* a commonwealth and a *ream* of paper. The word *realm* was pronounced *ream.*

ll. 19-20. *Unto the boundless .... streams of eyes,* These lines are a burlesque or parody of part of the opening sonnet of Daniel's sonnet sequence, called *Delia.*

l. 24. *Of this batch,* Of this sort.

ll. 29-30. *Sic transit gloria mundi,* (Latin) So passes away the glory of the world. The sentence is used in the Service of the Pope's enthronement after the burning of flax. A similar rite was used in the triumphal processions of the Roman republic. The words are here tauntingly used. The papers on which Matthew's verses are written are burnt and made a bonfire of—as if they constituted the glory of the world.

l. 31. *There's an emblem for you,* The word emblem is used in the sense of a picture and short poesie expressing some parti-

cular conceit. [Cotgrave, cited by Simpson.] Kno'well is glad to find, as he supposes, that Clement is of the same opinion about poetry as himself. Clement's reply shows that Kno'well is mistaken.

l. 33. *They are not born every year,* Cf. the Latin proverb : " Poeta nascitur, non fit ", meaning " A poet is born not made."

l. 37. *To the mayor after his year,* i.e. to the mayor after the year of his mayoralty is once over. The Folio spells *major* for *mayor.*

l. 39. *They have it with the fact,* It is unnecessary to go out of one's way to rebuke or reproach them. The mere fact of their dabbling in poetry is a reproach in itself.

l. 40. *You have saved me the labour of a degree,* At this stage, in the Quarto edition, this part of the scene is protracted by an exhibition of more specimens of Matthew's " poetry " and derisive comments upon the same. This was expunged when Ben Jonson altered the construction of his play. Incidentally, it may be stated that in the passage thus expunged occurred a fine defence of poetry in itself.

l. 43. *Sign of the soldier,* i.e. Bobadill.

l. 43. *Picture of the poet,* i.e. Matthew.

l. 44. *Till midnight,* Because then no one can see them.

Here's a third, That is Formal, the Justice's clerk. Formal will keep guard over Bobadill and Matthew.

l. 49. *Provided,* equipped (since he was still wearing the rusty suit of armour).

l. 51. *I had lost a sheep* i.e. I *should have* lost a sheep etc. Sarcastically, Stephen is called or compared to, a sheep.

l. 52. *Intreat,* Entreat.

l. 59. *Mortal wife,* Perhaps intended as a pun on the *slang* word *mort,* a woman.

l. 60. *Obedient husband,* These words are bound to raise laughter among the audience, since but a short time back, the " obedient " had been thrashing his wife.

ll. 65-66. *For, I must tell you .... Horns in the mind etc.,* In the Quarto version, this couplet is put in the mouth of Kitely.

l. 73. *Sure of some,* The word *some* is misprinted as *fame* in the first folio.

l. 74. *Out of a jealous man's part,* Kitely does surely play the part of a jealous husband.

ll. 80-82. *When our grandchildren .... applause,* The comedy ends with these words, conformably to the practice of the Latin comic stage, which ended with a call for applause. Jonson is sure that his comedy deserves to be applauded. The word fable used in l. 61 has reference to the fact that in Latin the word *fabula* (" fable ") is regularly used for a *play* that is acted on the stage."

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